

Over 700,000 Copies  
Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

FEBRUARY 22, 1947

PRICE

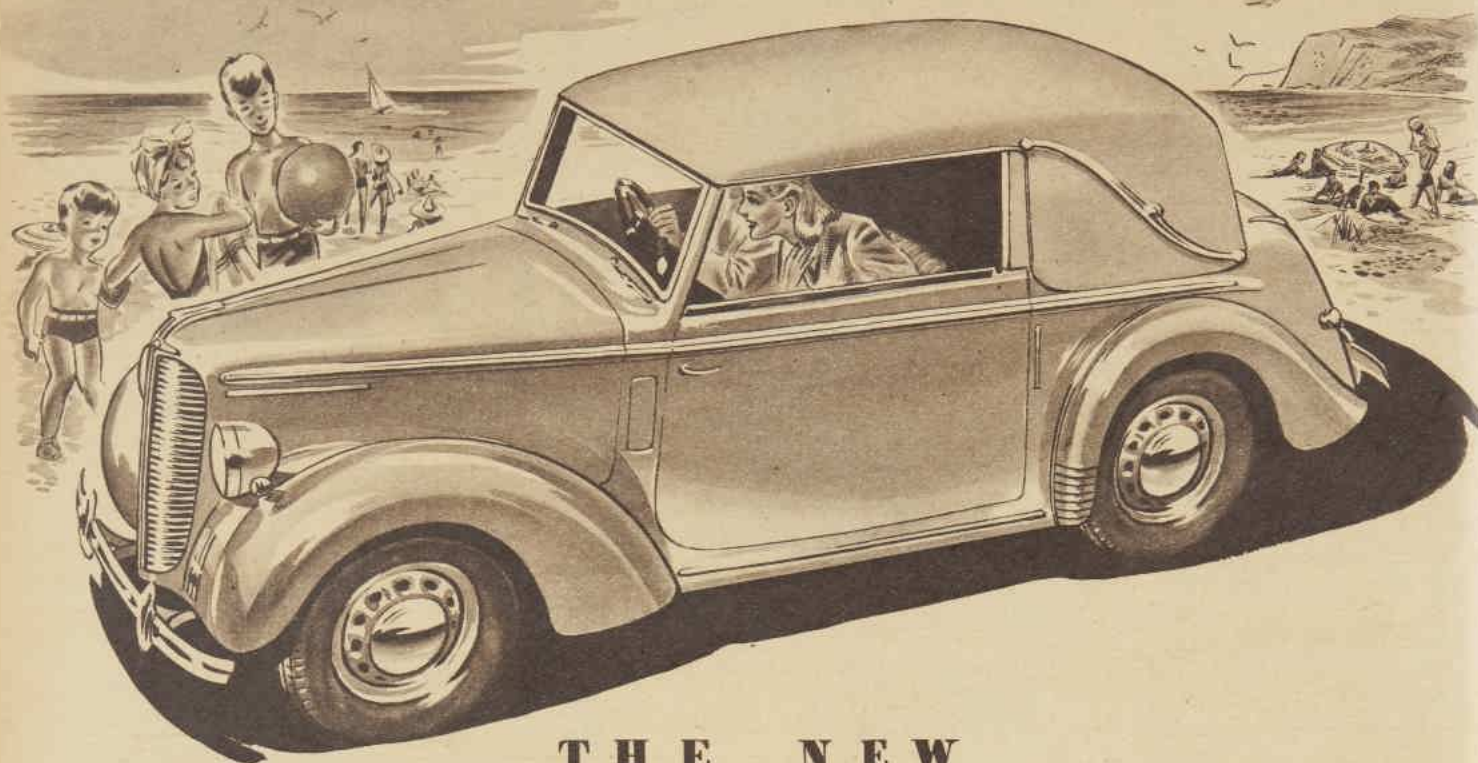
3<sup>d</sup>

# *The Australian* **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

**AUTUMN FASHIONS**



# I N T R O D U C I N G



## THE NEW HILLMAN MINX

### *Drophead Coupe... 4/5 Seater*

The lively new Minx Drophead Coupe is an all-weather car for the whole family to share... fast, roomy and comfortable on runs along the coast... nippy and powerful on trips to the hills... quietly dignified for an evening in town... safe, easily handled in busy streets.

The simple hood-folding design gives the Minx-owner three cars in one—a completely closed saloon, a wind-protected sun-coupe or an open tourer; transformations that can be made quickly from inside the car. You'll be proud to own this new Hillman!



ROOTES LIMITED (Incorporated in England)

FISHERMEN'S BEND, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA

#### DISTRIBUTORS:

Neal's Motors Pty. Ltd., 222 Exhibition Street, Melbourne  
Opp. His Majesty's Theatre. Tel. Central 7550

Flinders Motors Ltd. 62-68 Currie Street, Adelaide  
Tel. Central 6660

D. L. Hollis Motors Pty. Ltd. Cor. York and St. John Streets,  
Launceston. Tel. 1676

A PRODUCT OF THE  
**ROOTES**  
GROUP

#### DISTRIBUTORS:

John McGrath Motors (Pty.) Ltd., Head Office, Cathcart  
House, 11c Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Showrooms,  
Glenmore Rd., Rushcutters Bay. Tel. FA 8211

John McGrath Motors (Pty.) Ltd., 324-340 Wickham Street,  
The Valley, Brisbane. Tel. L 1817

Skipper Bailey Motor Co. Ltd., 900 Hay St., Perth. Tel. B 7174





*"I can tell you how I feel," said Peter. "I think it's fine that Kathy is so rich."*

# Riches ARE A MERE DETAIL

THERE was something vaguely oppressive to Peter about the magnificence of the Hurriester mansion, and, during dinner, he had to keep looking at Kathy every now and then in order to cheer himself up.

For Peter, one glance from Kathy could imbue Mr. Hurriester's discussion of three per cent. debenture bonds with all the fascination of a melodrama; it could even make the granite countenance of old Hosiah Hurriester, who glowered down from his portrait above the mantelpiece, seem almost benevolent.

To state the thing simply, Peter was in love with Kathy Hurriester, and he was prepared to make any sacrifice, however heroic, to make the right sort of impression on her family during this first meeting.

So far, things had gone well. Peter could tell, because Kathy looked at him in a way that said so.

As they crossed the vast marble hall on their way from the dining-room, she contrived to squeeze his hand and whisper, "Poor darling, you look like an early Christian martyr. Don't let father bully you. You're doing beautifully."

"I feel as though I were marrying a national institution," Peter murmured, and he squared his shoulders for the second round in the drawing-room.

The concept of the Hurriesters as a national institution did not originate with Peter. Many people regarded them as such, and Peter was

just beginning to realise what he had let himself in for.

Actually, the fact that the girl he had fallen in love with was the daughter of a very wealthy man hadn't bothered Peter, so pre-occupied was he with the more pressing consideration of looking at Kathy. If you wanted to get married you just got married, and that's all there was to it, he supposed.

However, there were certain flaws in this admirable logic. The business of acquiring a new son-in-law was no light matter to the Hurriesters.

The fact that Peter's dinner-jacket was well cut and that he could find his fork without knocking over his water-glass were preliminary details of importance for which Peter had been approved, but still they were only details.

There were more significant matters to investigate, and Mr. Hurriester set about investigating them like the efficient businessman he was.

Mr. Hurriester settled himself in an armchair and smiled quizzically at Peter. Up to this moment, no one had given any indication that Peter was anything more than a

casual dinner guest, but now it was evident that Mr. Hurriester would set aside this illusion.

"Well, Mr. Fletchell," he began pleasantly, "Katherine tells me that you and she have recently taken an interest in each other."

This speech struck Peter as an extraordinary understatement. He thought, "Can two people who have been simultaneously flattened by the same bolt of lightning be said to have taken an interest in each other?"

"I'm afraid it's a good deal more

"No, thanks, sir," he said. "I'll just smoke a cigarette."

Mr. Hurriester lit his cigar. "Tell me about yourself," he said, as though his interest was no more than a host's courtesy to a guest.

Peter had decided that out-and-out frankness was the only course to follow. To pretend that he was now, or ever had been, accustomed to the kind of splendor in which this family lived was sheer pretentious nonsense.

"Well, sir," he said, "I was born in a house that didn't look very much like this one."

Mr. Hurriester smiled indulgently — a smile which said, "I can't hold that against you. Not very many people are."

"I studied engineering," Peter went on, "and worked at it for a couple of years until the war came along. I was in the Army a little over five years, and here I am. I think that's about all there is to it, sir." He smiled engagingly in a way that helped Kathy to fall in love with him.

"That's not a very impressive story, is it?" he said.

"I don't know why you should say that," Mr. Hurriester answered at

once. "I think that you should be very proud of that brief recital you've just given us." Mr. Hurriester puffed absently on his cigar for a moment, then said, "And what are your plans for the future?"

Out of the tail of his eye Peter could see Mrs. Hurriester lean forward in her chair almost imperceptibly. He didn't think that his reply would be very satisfactory, but again he told the simple truth.

"I'm afraid I haven't made any really definite plans yet, sir," he said. "I can go back to my old firm if I like."

"I see," Mr. Hurriester nodded, his expression displaying neither pleasure nor displeasure. "You were with a firm here in the city?"

"Yes—Clayland and Horeland, sir. It's not a particularly big firm. You probably don't know it."

"I know it," said Mr. Hurriester. He permitted himself the trace of a smile, which suggested to Peter that Mr. Hurriester not only knew the firm, but in all probability owned fifty-one per cent. of the stock. "He's going to look up my record down there," Peter thought. Well, that was all right. He'd made money for them, and they wanted him back.

Please turn to page 4



# Miss Elizabeth Hindson voted "MISS KOLYNOS OF THE YEAR"



## WINS KOLYNOS £100

During 1946 we featured photographs of all the "Miss Kolynos of the Month" girls. In the November 30th issue of "The Australian Women's Weekly" we asked you to vote for the one you thought had the loveliest smile.

Now — here is your choice — Miss Elizabeth Hindson, whose charming Kolynos smile wins her the title of "Miss Kolynos of the Year" and the cheque for £100 which has been presented to her by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream.

We would like to congratulate Miss Hindson on her success and to thank every contestant in this Kolynos competition as well as all of you who voted.

### This is how you voted:

Miss ELIZABETH HINDSON	1st
Miss BETH KNISPEL	2nd
Miss LORNA GAYLARD	3rd
Miss LORNA FOLEY	4th
Miss BERNADETTE AHERNE	5th
Miss PATRICIA MEAGHER	6th
Miss NORMA GORDON	7th
Miss MARGARET REID	8th
Miss ROMA HORGAN	9th
Miss GWENDOLYN ANDREW	10th
Miss VALERIE CLARIDGE	11th

NOTE: All votes received were carefully counted and checked by a representative of Messrs. Flack & Flack, Chartered Accountants (Aust.), 31 Macquarie Place, Sydney.

# KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM



## Riches are a Mere Detail

Continued from page 3

PETER'S thoughts were interrupted by Mr. Hurriester saying: "Of course, I'm a business-man, and I'll trust you'll forgive me for behaving like one. Also, I believe my responsibilities as a father are somewhat more—er—complex than might be true in the case of another father."

It passed through Peter's mind that it was probably impossible to say that one was very rich with more delicacy than Mr. Hurriester had just said it. With this declaration, however, it suddenly began to dawn on him what was the real motive behind this examination. It was simply to determine whether his primary interest lay in marrying Kathy or the family millions.

Anybody else would have made this self-evident discovery long before Peter did, but the notion of his marrying Kathy for any reason on earth other than that she was just Kathy seemed so illogical that it simply hadn't occurred to him.

Now that he thought about it, he was appalled. All he had done was to fall instantly in love with a grey-eyed stranger whose hair was bright and whose voice was more song than speech, and now he was suspected of being a fortune-hunter! There was something blasphemous about it. Well, he would set that straight quickly enough, and he knew exactly how he would do it.

Peter had a theory about marrying a rich girl. He had always strongly suspected the motives of those young men in the films who, when they had decided to marry extravagantly rich girls, stated very firmly something like: "When we're married we're not going to touch a penny of your money."

This point of view had always struck Peter as unreasonable. If you fell in love with a girl and wanted to marry her and she wanted to marry you, what possible difference did it make if she was rich or poor? What did money have to do with it? And what right did you have to tell the girl what she could do or couldn't do with her money, anyway?

The fact that the girl was rich was an irrelevancy, as much a matter of chance as the fact that she had brown hair or was five feet four inches tall.

Besides, what were you supposed to do about it—regret it and carry the burden round with you on your back like a sack of cement? Nonsense. Riches were not such an insupportable burden as all that.

Such was Peter's theory. To him it seemed both sensible and honest, and he began to elucidate it enthusiastically.

"I believe I know what you're driving at, sir," he began, "and I don't blame you in the least for feeling apprehensive about taking on a new son-in-law. Kathy's a very rich girl; anyway, I suppose she is, or will be. I think it's only fair to make my position clear about that."

Mr. Hurriester nodded his head amiably, and waited.

"I can tell you how I feel very simply," Peter went on innocently. "I think it's fine that Kathy is so rich."

Mr. Hurriester's eyebrows shot up an inch, and Mr. Hurriester, with less presence of mind than her husband, said, "I beg your pardon?" as though she hadn't quite understood. Kathy commenced shaking her head from side to side very slightly, in a negative gesture.

Peter looked puzzled. He was aware that he had done something wrong, but he didn't know what. He had simply spoken the plain truth, so he went on doggedly.

"There isn't any point in pretending I'm sorry Kathy is rich," he said. "I'm not in the least sorry. Why should I be?"

Mr. Hurriester said tonelessly, "This is very interesting indeed. Go right ahead with your—"

"Oh, Father," Kathy interrupted a little wildly, "let's not talk any more now. I promised Peter I'd show him the old playroom." She

crossed the room hastily and took Peter's hand. "Shall we go up and look at it now?"

"Well, but we were—" Peter began, but the pressure of Kathy's hand in his silenced him. He rose and turned to Mr. Hurriester. "We'll talk some more about this later, sir," he said.

"I'm sure," said Mr. Hurriester, picking up his newspaper, "that we will."

They left the drawing-room hurriedly, and Kathy, still clinging to Peter's hand, soared him down the incredible length of the marble hall and through two lesser halls, and finally opened a side door.

The room they entered was large and comfortable. Against its walls were stacked the disorderly relics of childhood: a chipped and faded rocking-horse, a legless doll, a suspended blackboard on which were still discernible some faint, forgotten scratchings.

Neither of them, however, had eyes for the room at the moment. Peter's face, as he turned to Kathy, was a study of bewilderment.

"Kathy, in heaven's name, what did I do wrong in there?" he said. "What did I say to make everyone look as though I had suddenly taken off my shoes and thrown them at your father?"

SHE looked up into his face, her solemn mouth trying to mask the beginning of laughter that was in the rest of her face.

"You committed an unpardonable crime," she said. "You told a rich man that you would be glad to marry some of his money."

"I said I wanted to marry you," Peter corrected, "but that I couldn't pretend to be sorry that you were rich. That's a very different thing. It's only sensible. It's the truth."

"I know it's the truth, Peter dear, because I know the kind of man you are. But you mustn't blame father too much. He's only trying to be a good father for my sake. He doesn't know you the way I know you, and he's had some hard lessons occasionally. Won't you please try to understand him?"

"I understand him," Peter said sourly. "He thinks I'm a fortune-hunter because I was honest with him." Kathy said nothing, and Peter instantly regretted his speech.

"I'm sorry, Kathy. Really I am. I—well, I guess I just never realised what a complicated business getting married could be. We'll get around it, though. I'll make your parents like me." He grinned.

"I'll show them what a worthy son-in-law I am if it kills me. Now, how is it respectable sons-in-law are supposed to feel about their fathers-in-law's money?"

Kathy smiled up at him in a way that would make practically anything worth the trouble.

"Why, it's easy," she said. "The way upstanding young men are supposed to feel about money. You're supposed to go into the other room and say, 'Mr. Hurriester, after Kathy and I are married we're not going to use a penny of her money. We're going to live on what I make if we starve to death.' That's all there is to it. You see, it's easy."

"I knew it," Peter said bleakly. "I knew it. I've seen it and read it a thousand times."

"Of course you have, darling, and so has Father. That's why he wants to hear you say it. It's reassuring."

"But don't you see how silly it is, Kathy? I don't want any of your father's money or your money or anybody else's money. I'll sign a paper or stand on my head to prove it, if that's what they want. I just want to marry you, Kathy. But what possible right have I to tell you that you can't spend any of your own money on yourself? It's like pretending the only marriages that are any good are marriages between paupers, and everybody knows that's a lot of nonsense."

Please turn to page 15



### A NEW DISCOVERY

## FRENCH

(FORMULA)

### Hair Restorer

transform Grey Hair to  
your natural shade.

Even your nearest friends  
cannot tell you are treating  
your Grey Hair.

### FRENCH HAIR RESTORER

Packed in Plain Wrapper.

# 5/6

Postage extra.

Sold by:

#### BEAUTY SHOPPE

Leading Permanent Wave Specialist  
James Place, Adelaide, S. Aus.

#### ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS LTD.

Chemist Shop, Brickfield Hill  
Sydney, N.S.W.

#### AHERN'S LTD.

Hay and Murray Streets  
Perth, W. Aus.

#### CENTRAL PHARMACY

Cr. Bourke and Elizabeth Streets  
Opp. G.P.O.  
Melbourne, Victoria

#### T. C. BEIRNE PTY. LTD.

Brunswick Street, The Valley  
Brisbane, Queensland

#### SCOTT'S PTY. LTD.

Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W.



Terrible, dragging  
spasms so bad she missed  
a day from work every  
month.

Discover for yourself the complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little Myzone tablets. When you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness... let Myzone's marvellous **Acterin** (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort without "doping."

"It's remarkable how Myzone banishes that languid despondency. It is science's greatest gift to women!"

★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



# myzone



# ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

By...  
**Agatha Christie**



**W**ITHIN hours of a routine visit to HENRY MORLEY, his dentist, famous detective HERCULE POIROT is staggered to hear from CHIEF INSPECTOR JAPP of Scotland Yard that the dentist has been found shot dead in his surgery.

He returns there hurriedly, and the two men question Morley's sister, GEORGINA, who kept house for him; REILLY, his partner; and ALFRED, the page boy, none of whom can throw any light on the mystery.

In the midst of the inquiries, GLADYS NEVILL, Morley's secretary, who had been summoned away by telegram owing to family illness, arrives back angrily announcing that the telegram was a hoax. Previously Miss Morley had stated that there was some ill-feeling between her brother and FRANK CARTER, Gladys Nevill's fiancé.

Patients that morning included AMBERLOTIS, a wealthy Greek; MISS SAINSBURY SEALE, a young, middle-aged spinster; HOWARD RAIBES, an American; ALISTAIR BLUNT, noted banker; and a MR. BARNES. A visit to Blunt yields no useful information, but after Japp and Poirot leave his house a girl calls to them suddenly.

NOW READ ON—

**N**OT realising that the call was addressed to them, neither man turned, and the girl repeated: "Hi! Hi! You there!"

This time, Poirot and Japp stopped and looked round inquiringly. The girl walked towards them. Her face had an intelligence and aliveness that redeemed its lack of actual beauty. She was dark with a deeply tanned skin.

She said, addressing Poirot: "I know who you are—you're the detective man, Hercule Poirot!" Her voice was warm and deep, with a trace of American accent.

"At your service, Mademoiselle," Poirot said.

Her eyes went on to his com-

panion, and he said, "Chief Inspector Japp."

Her eyes widened—almost it seemed with alarm. She said, with a slight breathlessness in her voice: "What have you been doing here? Nothing—nothing has happened to Uncle Alistair, has it?"

"Why should you think so, Mademoiselle?" Poirot asked quickly.

"It hasn't? Good."

Japp took up Poirot's question.

"Why should you think anything had happened to Mr. Blunt, Miss—"

He paused inquiringly.

"Olivera. Jane Olivera," the girl said mechanically. Then she gave a slight and rather unconvincing laugh. "Sleuths on the doorstep rather suggest bombs in the attic, don't they?"

"There's nothing wrong with Mr. Blunt. I'm thankful to say, Miss Olivera."

She looked directly at Poirot.

"Did he call you in about something?"

"We called on him, Miss Olivera."

Japp said, "to see if he could throw any light on a case of suicide that occurred this morning."

She said sharply: "Suicide? Whose? Where?"

"A Mr. Morley, a dentist, of 58 Queen Charlotte Street."

"Oh!" said Jane Olivera blankly.

"Oh!" She stared ahead of her, frowning. Then she said unexpectedly: "Oh, but that's absurd!"

And turning on her heel she left them abruptly, and ran up the steps of the house. At the door she paused and turned back to the two men.

latchkey in hand, as though making up her mind to speak again. Finally, she opened the door and disappeared without another word.

"Well," said Japp, staring after her, "that's an extraordinary thing to say."

"Interesting," observed Poirot mildly.

Japp pulled himself together, glanced at his watch and hailed an approaching taxi.

"We'll have time to take the Sainsbury Seale on our way to Amberlotis."

"Poirot and

Japp found Miss Sainsbury Seale in the dimly lit lounge of the Glangowrie Court Hotel having tea.

She was flustered by the appearance of a police officer in plain clothes—but her excitement was of a pleasurable nature, he observed.

Poirot noticed, with sorrow, that she had not yet sewn on the buckle which he had picked up for her when it fell off her shoes outside the dentist's.

"Really, officer," fluted Miss Sainsbury Seale, glancing round, "I really don't know where we could go to be private. So difficult—just tea-time—but perhaps you would care for some tea—and and your friend?"

"Not for me, Madam," said Japp.

"This is M. Hercule Poirot."

"Really?" said Miss Sainsbury Seale, "then perhaps—you're sure—you won't either of you have tea? No. Well, perhaps we might try the drawing-room, though that's very

often full—Oh, I see, there is a corner over there—in the recess. The people are just leaving. Shall we go there—"

She led the way to the comparative seclusion of a sofa and two chairs in an alcove. Poirot and Japp followed her, the former picking up a scarf and handkerchief that Miss Sainsbury Seale had shed en route.

He restored them to her.

"Oh, thank you—so careless of me. Now please, Inspector—No, Chief Inspector, isn't it?—do ask me anything you like. So distressing the whole business. Poor man—I suppose he had something on his mind? Such worrying times we live in!"

"Did he seem to you worried, Miss Sainsbury Seale?"

"Well—" Miss Sainsbury Seale reflected, and finally said unwillingly, "I can't really say, you know, that he did! But then perhaps I shouldn't notice—not under the circumstances. I'm afraid I'm rather a coward, you know." Miss Sainsbury Seale giggled a little and patted her bird's-nest-like curls.

"Can you tell us who else was in the waiting-room while you were there?"

"Now let me see—there was just one young man there when I went in. I think he was in pain, because he was muttering to himself and looking quite wild and turning over the leaves of a magazine just anyhow. And then suddenly he jumped up and went out. Really acute toothache he must have had."

"You don't know whether he left

the house when he went out of the room?"

"I don't know at all. I imagined he just felt he couldn't wait any longer and must see the dentist. But it couldn't have been Mr. Morley he was going to, because the boy came in and took me up to Mr. Morley only a few minutes later."

"Did you go into the waiting-room again on your way out?"

"No. Because, you see, I'd already put on my hat and straightened my hair up in Mr. Morley's room. Some people," went on Miss Sainsbury Seale, warming to her subject, "take off their hats downstairs in the waiting-room, but I never do. A most distressing thing happened to a friend of mine who did that. It was a new hat, and she put it on a chair, and when she came down a child had sat on it and squashed it flat. Ruined it!"

"A catastrophe," said Poirot politely.

"I blame the mother entirely," said Miss Sainsbury Seale judiciously.

Japp said, "Then this young man with toothache was the only other patient you noticed at 58 Queen Charlotte Street?"

"A gentleman came down the stairs and went out just as I went up to Mr. Morley—Oh! and I remember—a very peculiar looking foreigner came out of the house just as I arrived."

Japp coughed.

"That was I, Madame," Poirot said with dignity.

"Oh, dear!" Miss Sainsbury Seale peered at him. "So it was! Do forgive—so short-sighted—and very dark here, isn't it?" She tailed off into incoherencies. "And really, you know, I flatter myself that I have a very good memory for faces. Do forgive my most unfortunate mistake!"

They soothed her down, and Japp asked, "You are quite sure Mr. Morley didn't say anything such as—for instance—that he was expecting a painful interview this morning? Anything of that kind?"

"No, indeed, I'm sure he didn't."

"He didn't mention a patient by the name of Amberlotis?"

"No, no. He really said nothing—except, I mean, the things that dentists have to say."

Through Poirot's mind there ran quickly: "Rinse. Open a little wider, please. Now close gently."

Japp had proceeded to his next step. It would possibly be necessary for Miss Sainsbury Seale to give evidence at the inquest.

After a first scream of dismay, Miss Sainsbury Seale seemed to take kindly to the idea. A tentative inquiry from Japp produced Miss Sainsbury Seale's whole life history.

She had, it seemed, come from India to England six months ago. She had lived in various hotels and boarding-houses and had finally come to the Glangowrie Court, which she liked very much because of its homely atmosphere. In India she had lived mostly in Calcutta, where she had done mission work and had also taught elocution.

"Pure, well-enunciated English—most important, Chief Inspector. You see," Miss Sainsbury Seale simpered and bridled; "as a girl I was on the stage. Oh! only in small parts, you know. The provinces! But I had great ambitions. Repertory. Then I went on a world tour—Shakespeare, Bernard Shaw." She sighed.

"The trouble with us poor women is heart—at the mercy of our hearts. A rash, impulsive marriage. Alas! We parted almost immediately. I—I had been sadly deceived. I resumed my maiden name. A friend kindly provided me with a little capital, and I started my elocution school. I helped to found a very good amateur dramatic society. I must show you some of our notices."

Please turn to page 23





## 'Rolling up our sleeves'

*to make you more*

We know there is a positive need for 'Viyella' and 'Clydella,' especially for children. That is why we are, in a manner of speaking, "rolling up our sleeves" to make more and more. If we ask you to be patient it is because supplies can only gradually

increase. The famous washing and wearing qualities of 'Viyella' are born of skilled craftsmanship; its rare virtues cannot be reproduced by mass-production.

IF IT SHRINKS, WE REPLACE

**Viyella**  
REGD.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., BOX 1335, G.P.O. SYDNEY



Loneliness and distance make even realities seem unreal, they found

# SMOKE gets in your eyes



**T**HE big main room of the fashionable hotel was gay with flowers and light and women in lovely frocks. The floor was crowded, but the tall, red-haired girl in white and her partner, who had an empty sleeve tucked into the pocket of his dinner-jacket, danced with a dreamy absorption, as though they had been alone in a moonlit glade or some equally romantic spot.

So, at any rate, thought the little woman in blue. She leaned over and touched her tall husband's arm.

"Look at those two," she whispered. "The girl in white, no, the redhead—and the man with one arm. They look so happy. I'd like to know their story."

"Alice!" protested someone else in the party, overhearing. "You're incorrigible! Must you always be looking for copy? Can't you forget those sentimental novels of yours to-night?"

The little woman looked half guiltily across at her husband, her cheeks pink, but he only laughed and patted her hand.

"Would you like to meet them? You shall then, after this dance. But I doubt if she'll tell you her story. You'll have to make up one of your own."

His eyes were following the dancers, and just at that moment the girl in white saw him and gave him a surprised, shy smile.

"What's all this?" demanded her partner jealously. "I thought this was to be our celebration and I find you smiling at men."

"Not men, darling. Just one very nice man."

"That doesn't make it any better. It makes it a whole lot worse."

"Hush! Don't talk. This is our favorite tune..."

The orchestra was playing "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

In dreamy silence they danced, but once or twice, over his shoulder, the girl glanced towards the tall man at the corner table and a little smile touched her lips as her thoughts drifted back...

April, 1945... After breakfast she had gone for a walk as far as the river. She would have liked to go farther. The air was crisp and cold—so cold that her breath made a small cloud.

That meant the rain was definitely over, but it didn't alter the fact

that they were stuck here, a long day's journey from Headquarters, and couldn't get through on the main coast road until the bridge was repaired.

All these little country towns were the same—a depth of three or four streets behind the main street, and then the houses beginning to straggle, and then nothing but bush, the great grey trees and the scant grass, the scrub, or the bare earth eroded here and there by heavy rains, and, winding into the distance, some kind of a road.

She stood with her hands doubled into fists in the pockets of her great-coat, drawing hard on a cigarette. It was extraordinary how bush roads always drew her. It wasn't just because it was this particular road, she assured herself angrily. She always wanted to go on and on.

"Just over the hill," or "round the next bend," she used to beg Tom. "You never know what you'll find." But she knew where this road led only too well.

She crushed out her cigarette with military care (or a bushwoman's care), and turned and went back to the shabby weatherboard hotel.

He was there in the lounge, moodily smoking and studying a map.

"Morning, Sergeant," he greeted her. "Sleep well? Look here, I believe we could go by this road."

"That road's generally impassable after rain."

"H'm, you're very well informed."

His raised eyebrows made it a question.

"Yes, sir. I know this country well. I used to live near here."

"I see."

He was withdrawn, frowning a little. Lean, nervous, burned almost mahogany from campaigns in the Pacific. "Black Mac" as the Regiment called him—Colonel Ian MacLean, M.C.—he stood half turned away from her, drumming restlessly on the table.

She had driven his car for nearly a year, and she knew him, so she waited and said nothing.

"I hate to waste a day in this outlandish place," he said. "Let's try it."

"Yes, sir." She added, "We won't

pass a town until late this afternoon."

Already he was deep in his papers. "Oh, well," he said carelessly, "see if you can persuade these people to put us up something to eat."

"Yes, sir."

Half an hour later she was driving along the way she had walked in the morning. She sat low in the seat, avoiding the bumps and corrugations with practised skill, the dull ache of remembering absorbing all her attention. How well she knew this road—every twist, dip, rut, every patch of corrugation.

This was the road to Brampton, which had been her home, and she had travelled it first six years ago, as a bride. It was on this road that Tom had taught her to drive.

She shut her eyes for a moment, and the car went over a bump that brought her to her senses.

"Sorry, sir," she murmured, but there was no sound from the colonel. She saw in the rear-vision mirror that he was staring out of the window in a preoccupied way. He probably hadn't even noticed the bump.

At noon they came to the creek where she and Tom had always stopped for lunch. There was the big gum. It was shedding its bark,

and the great trunk gleamed smooth and fawn, dappled with silver.

"Smooth as your cheek," Tom used to say, kissing her.

She put her foot down hard on the accelerator, her teeth in her lower lip, but the colonel's voice reached her.

"Sergeant, this looks a good spot for lunch. Suppose we stop here, eh?"

She stopped the car. Her hands on the wheel were unsteady. She wanted to cry: "Oh, not here—not here!"

But in imagination she saw the thick black eyebrows raised. "Why not?"

"Because—oh, because this place belongs to Tom and me!"

You didn't say things like that to

Thoughtfully he said: "You know, you look different to-day."

colonels. She got out. He was dragging out the bulging knapsack, and, of all things, a shiny new billy. He turned to her with a deprecating grin that made him look suddenly boyish.

"I wasn't going to be done out of my tea. I hope you like billy tea, too, Sergeant."

She managed a smile.

"Rather. I'll see if I can find some dry sticks and make a fire."

"No, no." He was full of his notion about the tea. "I'll do it. You can unpack the lunch."

He went whistling off to the little stream of clear water. When he came back, she had taken out the packets of unispring sandwiches, the rather withered apples, the little paper twists of tea and sugar. There was nothing else to do.

Evidently he had found some dry sticks, for she heard the crackle of a fire and smelled the pungent woodsmoke. It was warm in the sun, and she had taken off her hat and jacket. She sat down and in a little while he came back with the billy on a forked stick.

"Can you drink it black?" he asked, as he sat down beside her. "They didn't put in any milk for us."

She laughed almost indulgently. She took the cup

he offered her and looked at the good, strong brew.

"Of course I can," she said. "All bushwomen have to learn to like their tea black, or there'd be lots of times they wouldn't get a cup."

He said, relieved, "I didn't know you were a bushwoman, Sergeant," and for the first time he looked at her as though he really saw her. He finished his tea and watched her quietly while she drank.

"You know," he said, "you look different to-day."

"Different?"

She might have said that he looked different, too. He was relaxed, happy, all the taut lines of worry and strain smoothed out of his face.

"It must be your hair," he said. "It's beautiful."

She was silent, playing with a twig, thinking how much she liked him; thinking that in a few days he would be going back to fighting; thinking that perhaps he could bring back a little warmth to her empty heart.

"It must be your hair. It's beautiful." Not much. Nothing at all, really, but it was the first personal thing he had ever said to her, and as he looked at her hair there was a kind of hunger in his eyes, as though he would have liked to touch it, to bury his face in its shining softness.

From the first she had liked him because he never made opportunities, as some of the others did, to flirt with her, or anyone. He was always formal—kind and considerate, but quite impersonal.

Other girls had said enviously, "You would get a plum like him, Red, and you don't even know he's alive."

"They could think what they liked. As a soldier, she had always admired him, and as a man she knew he was more than attractive."

Suddenly the twig snapped in her fingers. Her voice sounded harsh, though she tried to speak naturally, and even laugh a little.

"They call me 'Red' in the mess. My husband always called me that, too."

"Oh!" The familiar reserve came down like a shutter over his face. He said politely, "Is he in the Army—your husband?"

"Yes. The Engineers." She jumped up, brushing the crumbs from her skirt and putting on her jacket. "I think we'd better get on, sir. The worst part of the road is to come. There are one or two bad washaways after rain."

"Of course," he said.

While she gathered up the things, he went over and threw the dregs of the tea on the little fire, dousing it successfully, though the scent of wood smoke still hung on the air.

Please turn to page 31





## Suits

● Suits still have wide shoulders, though dropped and roundly padded. Waists are tiny with a well-curved hip-line, skirts longer and narrower.

There are suits with cape collars lavishly fur-trimmed. Boxy coats (see opposite page), in all light, bright colors, flared or slim-fitting, of fingertip-length, lined with tartan or fur, fur-trimmed or plain—worn with pencil-slim skirts, cutting the calf, of darker tone or black.

## Frocks

● In day frocks the waistline is the most important. It grips the figure from bosom to hip. Indeed, there are two waistlines, the lower being accentuated by knots, drapes, bows, and bustles, returning to the fashions of the '20's. Spiral lines are also popular, as Piquet's design here in prune.

Colors are greys in every shade from pearl to gunmetal, steel to cloudy, allied sometimes with coachman's buff or apricot, or bordering on green; greens in every tone from palish lime to the deepest olive; butter yellows, burnt orange, light mustard; tortoiseshell-tinted tones of amber, prune, faded parma, and deepest sapphire.



# AUTUMN STYLES FROM PARIS

● New trends, affecting shoulder and hip-line and the silhouette generally, are revealed in the Paris collections which will influence autumn and winter fashions this year. Highlights of these changes in suits, coats, and frocks are illustrated in these sketches by Rene.

Review by . . .  
MARY HORDERN



## Coats

● Topcoats are bulky, the drooping shoulder-line accentuated by either magyar tops, yoke effects, or raglan sleeves. The shoulders are well padded, but with a rounded line. Pockets are important, sleeves full with roll-back cuffs. Coat width is greatest at elbow, narrowing to hem. The back-clipping jacket (above) is varied with back fullness, pleats or gores.





Baby gets **ALL** the nourishing goodness  
from these infants' foods . . .



... because they are *easily digestible*

**NESTLÉ'S EXCLUSIVE SPRAY PROCESS**  
now used in the manufacture of Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen has brought about a major advance in the science of infant feeding. It is a fact that milk in the process of digestion forms a curd, and ease or difficulty of digestion depends upon the size and toughness of this curd. Now, because of this new and exclusive manufacturing process, Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen form a finer, softer curd that is easily assimilated and digested by baby's delicate digestive system.

In addition, Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen give baby the essential food elements necessary for vigorous, sturdy development in a correctly balanced, completely safe and

easily prepared form. Vitamins 'A' and 'D' are added to guard against infection and promote sound growth; organic iron, in the correct proportion, is included to protect against anaemia; hermetically sealed tins ensure full protection against dust or germ contamination; and with these foods you just place the required amount on top of warm (previously boiled) water, and baby's food is ready.

Natural feeding for baby is best of all, of course, but when breast milk fails or requires supplementing Vi-Lactogen is the perfect alternative; and for the older baby Lactogen is the safe, certain choice.

# VI-LACTOGEN and LACTOGEN

for the younger baby

as baby grows older

NESTLÉ'S PRODUCTS

COPYRIGHT A.M.S.

★ **FREE MOTHER BOOK**  
CUT OUT AND POST TO NESTLÉ'S OFFICE AT YOUR NEAREST  
CAPITAL CITY. Please send me (post free) a copy of  
the Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen Mother Book.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



# His Broken Promise

**T**O have been married two years and seven months to a redhead without discovering that he had a temper was in itself remarkable. To have been married for that length of time to anyone without exchanging one word in anger was perhaps even more so.

But Ann Morlin, slamming the screen door behind her, and racing through the orchard as if she feared pursuit (which she did not—John would not follow her ten feet to say he was sorry, she supposed), was in no state to evaluate her blessings.

If she had any blessings, she couldn't at the moment remember what they were. Her wrongs overwhelmed her!

Only just twenty-one years old, so pretty that she looked even younger, she felt like the sum total of all the unappreciated wives in the world!

She strode up the slope among the amiable cows which had cost so much money she couldn't go for a holiday. How she hated cows! Barns, too! Theirs had been recently provided with a new roof at great expense—even if John had done all the work on it himself!

Arrived at the hilltop, she stopped short. Even if she had run out of the house in a rage, she would eventually have to go back to cook dinner for her sister-in-law, Grace Morlin, and Grace's fiancé, Dean Adams; also for her own daughter Joanna, red-haired like her father and no doubt going to grow up to have the same stubborn, disagreeable disposition.

Ann sat down, wanting to cry over everything in general and John's unreasonableness in particular. But she was still too angry to manage tears. She stared at the view, hating it.

She could see a corner of her own house, and a good bit of the barnyard. She had made all the curtains for the house herself. She had polished the old furniture, loved the "modern" kitchen and shining bath. She had been happy, all the long, snowy winter, in spite of storms which suspended the electricity and snowed in the roads.

It had been fun—gay, adventurous fun, completed, of course, by the wonder and joy of knowing that John was home for good after his years in the Army. Why, oh, why, after going through all that, when the countryside was just beautiful, did everything have to go wrong?

To think that John was capable of shouting at her, "Don't be stupid. It can't be done. So stop discussing it."

Well—she supposed she hated him or she would not have declared that she would leave him and spend the summer with her mother.

John's answer had infuriated her on several grounds.

"Run along and spend the summer with your mother, if you like," he had said. "You'll be glad enough to come back to a good home where the bills are paid on time and there's something to eat besides delicatessen food. But you're not going to take my child away. I won't permit that."

Ann's mother, Mrs. Clare Sanderson, was extravagant, no doubt, because she loved clothes so, and playing bridge for high stakes. But that was no concern of John's as long as it cost him nothing. It was mean of him to remember the endless pro-

cession of sandwiches which marched through the house during their brief stay there when John first arrived home from the war!

For the first time, Ann was comparing her mother's happy-go-lucky existence favorably with John's and John's family's horror of debt, of taking risks, of "rainy days" ill-provided-for.

She had forgotten, in more than half a year away from her mother's way of life, certain of its less favorable aspects—like the grocer refusing to make further deliveries unless he received payment on account.

Or, if Ann had not quite forgotten, these things had lost their importance against the bitter discovery that she was married to a man who was ungenerous about money.

"Meanness" about money was—ignoble. To break what had been practically a promise was shocking.

Yet John was guilty on both counts. Further, for the first time in their marriage, he had not requested her to do or not to do something—no, he had forbidden her! So he was dominating, too.

The knowledge would have grieved her whenever it came to her, but now, involving his own sister as well as herself, and arriving within a week of his sister's wedding, it was particularly distressing.

John had refused to give her the money to buy his sister's wedding present—a set of silver for four per-

sons which Ann had chosen from a catalogue weeks before. He had not objected to her choice in the beginning, nor even to her writing to the shop to reserve the silver.

That was the part which involved his sister. The broken promise concerned a long-planned holiday trip for him and herself. John had said earlier that they could go in the week before Grace's marriage. He had even made no objection when

she planned details—to buy a new dress for herself to wear at Grace's wedding, to acquire the silver for their gift.

John had said that if he had not yet succeeded in obtaining a reliable man to look after the stock on the farm his father or his Uncle John would be glad to stay on the place the four or five days of their absence.

Ann had ached with desire for a brief glimpse of city streets and the sound of city noises, for restaurants crowded with well-groomed women and dance bands seen, not heard via radio.

It was not that she disliked the country ordinarily. It was just that she wanted a short holiday.

To have John announce suddenly that she must cancel the order for the silver and that they couldn't have their trip was startling enough. To have him add that they couldn't afford either silver or journey was shocking because untrue. They had a good balance in the bank, even after the down payment on the tractor for which John had such difficulty in obtaining a priority, and

the payment-in-full for shingles for the barn roof.

He had said, "I can't even buy you a new dress for Grace's wedding. You've plenty of clothes that no one here has seen. As for Grace's present, there are still some old prints lying around the barn. Find something and I'll fix it up properly."

John had not even sounded sorry—only cross, as if the idea of leaving his beloved acres bored him, and the fuss being made over plans for his only sister's wedding bored him more!

In horribly rapid order, one thing led to another.

Now, as the shadows lengthened, the breeze grew cooler and her anger waned. Ann could sort them out better. She had been childish in her disappointment, she knew. She should have remembered that John might have been tired—that perhaps that wound which had stiffened his left arm and resulted in his discharge from the Army troubled him.

But she had become too hurt to consider any of those things.

She sighed. Now anger had deserted her she remembered irrelevant things—that John tried so hard to ignore the limitations of that injured arm and never complained of it at all; that he had waited on her all the winter through, making her as comfortable as could be; that he worshipped his small daughter Joanna.

Please turn to page 29

Page 11

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 22, 1947

By URSULA PARROTT





Look for this Label!



Chill winter cannot shake your poise when you wear the exquisite workmanship, the superb tailoring and admirable styling of a DomineX Coat.

**DomineX**

**COATS**

AT ALL LEADING STORES

N. 755 A

*When women plan a  
Trousseau*



*-they plan in*  
**Celanese**

You always promised yourself a heavenly trousseau. Fulfil that promise with Lingerie in 'Celanese', for it will hold its trousseau-beauty far into those happy days ahead.

The name 'Celanese' is your assurance of quality—your pass-word to fabrics that will not only delight you in their appearance but also in their length of service. Keep searching for them.



BRITISH CELANESE LTD., LONDON, ARE THE PROPRIETORS OF THE TRADE MARK 'CELANESE'



● EXQUISITE black tulle dinner dress, by Jacques Fath, conjures up the Merry Widow. It is woven with tiny gold paillettes, and the hobbled hemline is banded with silver fox to match muff.

*Evening*

● PERFECT alliance between French fabric maker and Paris designer is shown in this lovely evening gown by Pierre Balmain. Of rose and violet striped ottoman satin, it is touched with violet and gold sequin embroidery



● SUAVE black velvet hostess gown, which drapes round the hips into a discreet bustle. Germaine Lecomte adds crisp embroidered white organdie collar and flaring cuffs.





# The Lighter Side

(During the absence on holiday of Lennie Lumens THE LIGHTER SIDE is written by Miss Maisie Neelmin, of the Brisbane Theatre.)

When a terribly handsome man from Australian General Electric came around and asked me if I would write this column I was more thrilled than when Mr. Addeblum did promise to put my name in *Mazdas* over the theatre—which he didn't do. "Calf Love" somehow didn't click, not because there wasn't enough calf, but because a critic who wasn't Mister Cardus wrote this about the show:

Plenty old  
Little new,  
Lots of "borrowed,"  
Too much blue.

Well, critics are not the only people who understand poetry, as my gentleman friend Mister Oswald Swizzledorp well knows, because when Oswald plays the piano I positively swoon.



When I went to school, which wasn't long, there used to be a notice in the classroom which said:—  
"Neath Mazda Lamps young eyes grow stronger."

Bright young minds stay brighter longer.



But how do you like this special piece of poetry which I wrote for this column with the aid of my gentleman friend?—

Only dumbbuckles starve their eyes  
Trying to "reason" on.  
Wise girls stick to Mazda lighting  
(Like the girl who did this writing).

If ever you've met up with a light-picker you'll know what that piece of poetry really means. Light-pickers are people who positively shudder at the thought of any lamp above 40 watts. They'd rather keep a few pence in their purse than good eyes in their head. Mister Swizzledorp tells me that anyone who tries to read or sew under anything less than a 100 watt Mazda is heading for eye-strain and trouble.



The gentleman from Australian General Electric has just been around to read my column, and says it isn't technical enough, so I asked him what he knew about my technique. So he starts to hand me a line about lumens and footcandles, telling me that Mazda lamps are tops for this and that. With dignity I reply that footcandles and what-have-you mean less than the dust to women of savoir faire. All they want is to know that a lamp is a good lamp, and because they know Mazda is a good lamp, that's why they want Mazda. Which, as my gentleman friend remarks, was a piece of cup-winning horse sense, thank you.

Maisie Neelmin

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Ltd.  
Distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., England.



● DOVE-PINK overhead lace evening gown by Hattie Carnegie, New York, has a 1900 hipline drapery. Sleeves and skirt are scalloped at the hem, and the moulded bodice is fastened with small rhinestone buttons. Lace gloves match frock.



● DRAMATIC full-skirted black velvet evening gown by Molyneux is embroidered with rose-pink and silver sequins. Amusing jet tassel ear-rings hook round the ear.

## Gowns From PARIS and NEW YORK

● Paris and New York still insist on a romantic air for evening gowns. Skirts are filmy and bouffant or richly draped. Lavish embroideries in sequins add color, corsages are low and moulded.



● DEMURE cape fashion in an evening gown of black nylon marquisette, by Nettie Rosenstein, New York. Black lace is combined with marquisette for the low-cut bodice and cape.



● BRIEF flaring evening wrap by Philip Mangone has full push-up sleeves and dipping hemline at back. The coat is of black satin scattered with silver and white discs, and the lining reverses the colors—black and silver discs on white.



● ODALISQUE drapery is used for the back of the skirt in Nettie Rosenstein's navy satin evening gown. The square-cut neckline is stiffened to jut out from the wide shoulder-straps, and the bodice is moulded to the waist and cut very low under the arms and at the back.



# Henderson Hats

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

*Mannish, Autumn-glowing fur felts designed to send your spirits soaring...to complement the Fashion scene*



M25  
Sparkle of Autumn in this polished fur felt. With softly folded crown and mannish brim. Head sizes, 21½, 22, 22½



M37  
To pamper your starry-eyed beauty. To boost, tucking, a tailored bow, glowing tones and superb fur felt. Head sizes, 22, 22½, 23

To-day, more than ever, the women of Australia choose Henderson Hats -- because they are fashion originations in detail-perfect designs created for our times.

For Autumn 1947, we present a notable collection of hand-crafted fur felts worthy of the name.



M61  
The all-occasion OXFORD Featherlight original crafted from quality fur. In muted colours. Head sizes, 21½, 22, 22½, 23, 24



M26  
Dramatic, man-inspired headliner. Created for our times. Close associate of winter sports and tweeds. Head sizes, 21½, 22, 22½

Made by  
**R. C. HENDERSON Pty. Ltd.**

7-15 RANDLE STREET, SYDNEY • Buy them from your favourite Retailer





A special formula for lasting protection against perspiration



ALWAYS it has been proved that Odo-ro-do is THE BEST! Assures protection against perspiration and is harmless.

DOES NOT IRRITATE THE SKIN even after shaving. Does not stain or discolour clothing.

INSTANTLY stops perspiration odour and one application lasts 1 to 3 days.

TRY ODO-RO-DO! There are 2 kinds: "Regular", with long-lasting quality. And Odo-ro-do "Instant", for delicate skin. Use Odo-ro-do!

**ODO-RO-DO**

If you prefer a cream deodorant, ask for Odo-ro-do Cream! It's super-fast.



**PERMANENTLY PRETTIER!**

Based on true scientific principles, which actually change the contour of each hair, the Eugene permanent wave is the smoothest, and prettiest your money can buy! There are no dry ends, and no frizz with a Eugene wave. It is safe even for blonded hair. The perfect wave which cherishes your crowning glory!

**EUGÈNE**

Make sure your hairdresser uses genuine Eugene sachets for your next perm. Look for the symbol!

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS—ALL STATES: HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.



## Riches are a Mere Detail

Continued from page 4

KATHY said meekly, "I don't want to ask you to change your mind when you feel so strongly about something, Peter."

Peter looked uncomfortably at the floor for a moment; then he looked at Kathy and felt miserable again.

"I don't feel any way about anything more than I do about you, my Kathy," he said. He got up and faced the door, standing very straight. "You know something, Kathy?" he said pensively. "People in love do an awful lot of silly things."

She took his arm and squeezed it. "That's another tradition, my darling," she said. "The oldest one of all." And they went out.

In the drawing-room, the Hurristers were reading. Peter walked directly to where Mr. Hurrister sat, and cleared his throat nervously.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I'd like to continue our discussion, if you don't mind."

Mr. Hurrister folded his newspaper deliberately and put it on the coffee-table. Then he looked up slowly, and said, "Gladly." Mrs. Hurrister looked up from her book. They waited in silence.

Peter took a deep breath. "I—uh—I don't think I made myself entirely clear earlier," he began. "I

simulated concentration. "Well, after all, there's no reason to carry the thing too far, is there?"

"What?" Peter said blankly. "Well, I mean," said Kathy's father, smiling agreeably, "there's no reason to make things too hard on yourselves right at the start, you know. We must remember that you're just out of the Army. It will take you a little time to get back on your feet. Sometimes young people need a little help. Now, it would give us a great deal of pleasure—"

Peter's jaw dropped. He suddenly realised what he had done, and he was thunderstruck. The familiar words he had mouthed so glibly had seemed harmless enough to him a moment before. Now that he saw their effect, he felt like a burglar, a thief in the night, a confidence-man.

"Oh, no, sir!" he interrupted in a loud, strangled voice which was unrecognisable as his own. "No—you've completely misunderstood me! I didn't mean it to sound like—the way you meant it at all! I meant—"

"We know what you meant," Mrs. Hurrister broke in gently. She was smiling at him benignly now, an almost motherly smile. "But you mustn't deny us a pleasure. Parents enjoy indulging themselves on their children, you know, when it's for their happiness."

"But . . . but . . . but . . ." Peter felt a wave of desperation flood over him. He had to explain; he had to tell them what he really thought. He started to talk passionately, and what he said he meant more than anything he had ever said before in his life. The truth in his words rang in his voice and shone in his eyes.

"No, you can't, you mustn't think of trying to help us!" he cried. "I can't possibly take a penny from you. I can't take—take anything at all! Kathy and I will have to live on what I make—"

There were no other words to say what he meant—only the old hackneyed ones. Peter wasn't feeling foolish as he said them now. He was speaking the truth as he believed it, and he entirely forgot his earlier contempt for these words.

It was curious, however, that the things Peter was saying with such conviction seemed to make no impression on the Hurristers. The more vehemently he remonstrated, the more pleased his listeners seemed to be, the more they seemed to regard him as an ideal son-in-law.

Mr. Hurrister leaned back in his chair, listening and nodding his head approvingly, and presently Mrs. Hurrister smiled and began to look for her place in her book. What they had heard Peter say was familiar, and solid, and comfortable, and reassuring—tradition.

From behind her mother's chair Kathy smiled at Peter. It was a wise and secret smile that seemed not in the least surprised at the turn events had taken—a gentle smile, a smile that spoke to Peter like no other smile in the world.

(Copyright)



"Come one step nearer, and I'll scream!"

Berlei

— the foundation that brings you the beauty Nature intended



**Berlei**  
INDIVIDUALISED FOUNDATIONS

*News for women who love freedom*



**TAMPAX** is back!

Tampax, and with it the peace of mind, the freedom of internal sanitary protection, is back! Tampax, the original internal tampon: the only one with its own individual applicator. Tampax, which first brought this revolutionary new freedom to women, is again available. Change back to Tampax for next month.



Tampax is now arriving from England in regular shipments.

T.1.12



Socks of Quality  
and Distinction . . .

**LINCOLN**  
**OF COURSE!**

Whether patterned or plain  
coloured, Lincoln all-wool socks  
are distinguished for their super-  
fine quality and perfect fit.



**LINCOLN MILLS**  
*Dependable*  
**HALF HOSE**



*Production is inadequate to  
meet demands, but be assured,  
supplies are being distributed  
all over Australia to retailers  
of Lincoln.*

*Give a lift to National thrift  
—buy National Savings Stamps  
and Certificates*

S6-FPC



# Longer skirts for daytime in London shows

**NEW LINE:**  
*Smooth, tight  
waist and  
hipline*



**BLACK-AND-WHITE** checked wool suit by Philip Mangone. Fullness in both skirt and jacket is concentrated at the back, sleeves are full with shirt-waist cuffs.



**DRAPED WOOL** frock in violet leaf-green wool, with hip draperies in deep reddish violet, by Germaine Lecomte. The drapery is subtly folded to preserve a smooth, neat waist and hipline.

Radioed by **MARY ST. CLAIRE** of our London staff

Current fashion shows in London, which modify autumn and winter fashions in Australia as the season progresses, introduce several important changes.

Skirts are tighter, and longer for day wear—15 inches from the ground; fullness in suits is concentrated at the back; evening frocks are shorter; tucks and knife-pleating have come back.

**B**UT shoulders are still softly rounded, and the line continues to concentrate breadth above the waist and at the knees, with smooth, tight waist and hipline.

There is a distinctly English feeling about the new season's suits, with their neat waistlines and softly rounded shoulders.

Fashion has swung backwards so that all movement in suits is in pleated, flared, and peplumed backs. Jackets are long, complemented by a new length in skirts—15 inches from the ground.

Knees have gone "out" with flares, godets, and swirls.

All fullness is concentrated above the hips or below the knee.

The new styles are mincing, and call for a new walk.

Some skirts are skin-tight, slit and slashed for movement, tabs and buttons holding the line.

The little black frock has been banished in favor of navy, which is having a popular comeback with its perfect accompaniment—white. White is used for crispness, white for sheerness, white for day wear, white for evenings, and white for trimmings.

While day dresses have come

down in length, evening frocks have gone up.

New dance dresses are ankle-length, tight-bodied, the length just a shade longer than the classical ballet length France has adopted.

Trimmings are very glamorous. Sequin embroideries are used for day and evening frocks—sequin collars, yokes, belts, and pockets for day wear, and drifts of sequins for evening wear.

Many important couturiers have now opened special beading-rooms to cope with the coming vogue.

Knife-pleating for frills is back in favor.

Tucks, too, are in. Peter Russell, whose collection is rated one of the smartest, used pin-tucking effectively in a brown afternoon frock, with bands of tucking round the bodice, waist, and hips, and finished at the side with loops of pin-tucked material. The short sleeves were entirely pin-tucked.

Digby Morton highlighted his collection with a navy and blush-pink coat-frock ensemble.

Navy soft flannel (worsted is out because men's suitings can no longer be diverted for women's clothes) is buttoned down the front on to a panel of pink and white spotted satin.



**FULL-BACKED RAINCOAT** by Carven. In sweet-pea mauve gabardine, the coat is lined with pink, mauve, and black check, the back pleats giving freedom for walking.

Pink satin was used for large turn-back cuffs on full three-quarter navy sleeves. A narrow belt and pocket on the right hip showing pink lining finished the ensemble.

Digby Morton's gowns followed the figure, emphasized the waist, and fitted neatly over the hips.

Worth showed particularly fresh-looking ensembles with collared

frills and jabots of white organdie.

Afternoon frocks were mostly draped in gaily colored figured crepe with plain three-quarter length matching wool coats lined with the material of the frock.

All his suits and skirts have matching leather belts—gay and original and a splendid pick-me-up—while his costume jewellery, witty

and original, was so essentially a part of each ensemble it "made" the frock.

Charles Creed, specialising in day ensembles, showed elegant black ottoman silk draped afternoon frocks with severely tailored jackets unrelieved by any color.

His topsuits and tweed suits all had decorative saddle-stitching used most effectively on wide belts, cuffs, and revers.

Angele Delanghe concentrated on fabrics—riotous, exquisite, luscious materials that seem to fall perfectly into picture gown with below-hip fullness, moulding beautifully into the small corsets with which she builds up her tight bodices and controls the waist.

Delanghe slashes backs bare to the waist, as do many other designers.

She uses green-blue "butterfly's wing" brocade for a looped and bustled frock with heart-shaped "sweetheart" décolletage.

Bianca Mosca shows a "meton" skirt in a taffeta afternoon frock. Reminiscent of the Arabian Nights, it was ballooned round the hemline by folding the full skirt on to a narrow underskirt.

Victor Stiebel excelled with his blouses. Their dainty short sleeves were pleated and tucked and trimmed with lace inserts, their lace-trimmed collars sporting large self-material bows.

His afternoon frocks had fold-over "tulip" skirts, several of which could be turned into dinner dresses with the addition of checked taffeta bouffant skirts with a sash tied round the waist.

New colors include pickled cabbage, ground almond, and every shade of green.



## MIGRATION TO BEGIN

IN frozen, snow-bound England many hearts must have been stirred by the news that the Australian Government had chartered the Cunard liner Aquitania to bring British migrants here.

The urge to migrate to Australia is stronger now than it has been for twenty years.

As the war drew to its end, many men and women in England, repelled by the spectacle of ruins and destruction about them, weary of monotonous food and hungry for "a good steak," began to think longingly about this sunny land of plenty.

It is natural that they should be attracted by the adventure of starting life again. Their own forebears came as pioneers to found the Australian nation.

These are the most desirable of all migrants—people of our own blood and tongue, who share the traditions of thought and culture on which our society is based.

We "dips our lid" to them as representatives of the country whose lone stand in 1940 gave humanity another chance.

Some people believe that Australia should suspend all migration until the housing problem is settled. But these British cousins will leave behind them a housing problem far worse than ours, and they will hardly expect a multitude of streamlined bungalows.

Slow though the rebuilding programme is here, some houses are being completed each week, and the practical thing to do is to speed it up.

If the would-be migrants stay on in England until housing and food supplies become normal, they may lose their inclination to seek new horizons.

If this country will not accept them now, they may go elsewhere and that will be our loss.

Let us welcome them generously and share willingly the way of life, the material conditions, which they helped us to save from a dangerous foe.



RACING INTERRUPTS CRICKET . . . Artist Spod's impression of Test Match as broadcast by A.B.C.

## It seems to me . . .

TWO infuriated gentlemen of my acquaintance have been haranguing anyone who will listen on the sins of the A.B.C. concerning the Test broadcasts. I spent an afternoon in the home of one recently while the boys were listening to Saturday afternoon play.

This is what went on: Announcer's voice: "The score is four for 268. Lindwall is bowling to Mentone!" "Oh, darn!" (or words to that effect) from the boys, restraining themselves from bashing in the set.

Their fury was intensified when the Test was resumed with the score at, say, five for 275. (N.B. for walking Widsens: These aren't actual scores.)

The boys' complaints (which they along, no doubt, with many others have put in writing to the A.B.C., which answered them with soothing words) are:

"It's seven years since we've had Tests, and there's racing every week. The gates prove the public interest in cricket. Anyone who wants racing can have it from several commercial stations."

"On the Saturday mentioned, the fall of three wickets was not broadcast, except in retrospect. The drama of cricket lies not in the making of runs, but in the fall of wickets."

All right, all right. I'm only telling you what the cricket followers say.

What really stirred me to a howl of protest was the suggestion of one that if the A.B.C. simply wouldn't relinquish the race broadcasting temporarily, why not have cricket on one network, racing on the other.

"Then what am I going to listen to?" I wanted to know.

I'm glad I'm not the A.B.C.

WHEN the weather's controlled, and we ask for

An inch, when it's needed, of rain.

Imagine the horrible task for

Some fellow, who's driven insane.

The needs of the crops of the nation

Will clash with the week-day wash,

As a topic of light conversation

'Twill be one that it's wiser to quash.

"As for us," said a Cabinet member,

Who regards the whole thing as a blue,

"The weather, I'd have you remember,

"Will be blamed on the Government, too."

THE steady increase in divorce figures—which has roused comment from a Divorce Court Judge recently—reminds me of the views on marriage that I heard in my childhood from an old Greek boatman.

There was talk at the boating party about two young people who had become engaged, and the boatman was listening with a cynical expression.

"Come now," said one of the party, "you must have been in love once, Joe."

"Love!" snorted old Joe. "I tella you, I meeta da missus. We make da arrangement. We get married. And no love about it!"

At that time Joe, the father of several immense sons, had been married more than 30 years, and as far as I know he and the missus lived amicably until they died.

Maybe there was something to be said for his practical outlook.

TOBACCONISTS who say they are getting only half the stock they got in 1939-40 laugh when told that manufacturers say they are getting full prewar supplies.—Item in a daily newspaper.

We are not amused.

By



DOROTHY DRAIN

A senior member of the editorial staff of this paper writes this new weekly feature, commenting on current topics. She is an experienced journalist who has covered many important assignments. Last year she visited Japan for us and she is well known to our readers for her lively news stories and pointed verses.

WITH Federal Parliament on the air again we'll have a renewal of the widespread criticism of the honorable members' diction.

It never occurs to many people that the Australian accent is like an unpleasant disposition—it's always the other fellow who has it; none of us realise we may have it ourselves.

Many of the loudest condemnations of the elocution from Canberra are voiced in accents which have the identical quality. Trouble is, you can't hear your own voice, unless it's recorded and played back. Which reminds me of the story of a certain Sydney radio executive who was one day discovered in a dazed gloom by a colleague.

The gloomy one explained that he had, for the first time, recorded a broadcast and had it played back to him.

"All my life," he said bitterly, "I have hated just one type of voice. I have just discovered that that is precisely the kind of voice I have myself."

ONE thing that would zip up the broadcast is less circumlocution—on both sides of the House.

Instead of, at question time: "Will the Minister for Whatever indicate whether he has been apprised of the situation which is reported in the 'Daily Bugle' in a statement attributed to Mr. Blank concerning the black market in flying-foxes, and will he state whether the circumstances referred to have been brought to his knowledge, and if so what steps he intends to take . . ."

Why not: "Does the Minister for Whatever know about the black market in flying-foxes? If so, what is he going to do about it?"

Incidentally, is there a tradition that Ministers don't read newspapers? Answers to the example of question given above usually begin: "I have not read the report referred to, but . . ."

I always picture the entire Opposition and all the private members madly scanning every inch of the daily newspapers, and Mr. Chifley and all his Ministers resolutely averting their eyes until question time is safely over.

A FELLOW called Dr. Dinsmore Alter, director of the Griffith Observatory and Planetarium, near Los Angeles, has been forecasting war between ourselves and the men in the moon. (Query—crossly—WHICH men in the moon?)

Anyway, this Dr. Alter visualises great missiles being launched toward the earth, and says that the only defence would be a counter-attacking force on the moon itself.

Oh, well, I suppose you can't blame him. People are so accustomed to death-and-destruction forecasts these days that it must be extremely difficult to get space for any more prophecies of mere international holocausts.

A permit to breed silver foxes in Australia was refused in Canberra the other day in case they became a pest. Pest is a word that I never thought to hear applied to silver foxes.

AFTERTHOUGHT on the McKell appointment. A charity worker I know says that the appointment of a home-grown Governor-General is disappointing to organisations which value Vice-Regal patronage.

She says that while grateful for the attention which she feels sure the McKells will give to this side of the job, they aren't a drawback of the same value as the Gloucesters—or even lesser lights from overseas—at money-raising functions.

"The fact is," she said sadly, "you just won't get people paying 2/6 or 5/- to see Mr. McKell, whereas they would, say, to see Lord Louis Mountbatten."

"We'll just have to think up some new attractions."

## Interesting People



PRINCE TUNKU AHMAD

Sultan's son family man.

APPROVAL of Australian education evident in decision of Prince Tunku Ahmad, second son of the Sultan of Johore, to have his children taught at Perth schools. Jovial, unostentatious. Oxford-educated, the Prince is authority on afforestation. Family is living quietly at Applecross, Perth, while eldest daughter studies domestic science at the Technical College and eldest son is placed at Christ Church Grammar School, Claremont. The Prince plans to travel round Australia later.



MISS ISABEL MCCOMAS

68 years of teaching

WITH clear blue eyes and only slightly grey hair, 82-year-old Miss Isabel McComas completed 68 years of teaching before she retired, recently from position as principal of Glamorgan Boys' School, Melbourne. She began teaching when 14 by giving lessons every day to her two younger brothers and sisters. Was taught herself by her sister Ann, who founded Glamorgan. Has taught thousands of boys, and through them has become known in all parts of the world.



PROFESSOR JOSEPH BURKE

first in Fine Arts

MUCH-TRAVELLED Professor Joseph Burke arrived in Melbourne recently to take up appointment to first Chair of Fine Arts in Australia at Melbourne University. This tall young Englishman was secretary to British Prime Minister Mr. Atlee during war years. Says: "Dobell and Drysdale are well known in Britain. I hope to improve overseas knowledge of other Australian artists by an exchange of pictures for exhibition between England and Australia."



# Turbans, homburgs, sailors... for autumn



WITH YOUR autumn suit goes this delectable hat by Lilly Dache, pale green trimmed with dark green grosgrain.



IN LEMON-YELLOW spiced with quills, this 1947 edition of the Homburg flatters a classic profile. Designed by Thornton, this is the perfect hat to wear with a good suit. It provides plenty of room for plaits or rolls on top of the head.



DESIGNER HATTIE CARNEGIE poises a jaunty bird on the brim of her demure white sailor hat. The color contrast is Kelly-green.



HIGH-LOW TURBAN of dark green faille gives serene charm to a young face—Lilly Dache unexpectedly adds back veiling.

PIQUANT PINK FELT designed by Lilly Dache to wear on dark, smooth hair. This is one of the high-low turbans. It folds down low on the right cheek and has its height and width on the left instead of the more conventional right.



"SCOOTER" is the name given this unusual helmet (right) by Hattie Carnegie, in white felt trimmed with grey.



# STOP THAT PAIN



## 'ZANS'

### THE MODERN APC

**gives QUICKER RELIEF — it's precision prepared!**

## £1000 Challenge

**TO PROVE THAT NO APC IN AUSTRALIA is more ACCURATELY PREPARED than 'ZANS'**

APC cannot be fully effective unless it is accurately prepared. The manufacturers of 'ZANS' APC claim that no APC in Australia is prepared with greater accuracy. They will donate £1,000 to any charitable institution if this can be disproved.

APC — the most widely used treatment for relief of pain in hospitals — consists of three world-proven medicines, Ac. acetylsal, Phenacetin and Caffeine, combined in a formula recognized to be the most effective.

If, through any inaccuracy in preparation, APC is not according to formula, you either — (1) Fail to get the quick relief you expect, or — (2) Receive a harmful overdose.

To all APC users, 'ZANS' means QUICK RESULTS — and SAFETY! It is claimed, by £1,000 challenge, that there is no more accurately prepared APC in Australia than 'ZANS'. The 'ZANS' precision method of processing APC into tablets means protection for all APC users. It means that when you buy 'ZANS' APC you take NO RISK — you get the CORRECT dose — not an overdose; you get FULL MEDICINAL VALUE — not a useless weak dose.

## HEADACHES & PAINS DEFINITELY BANISHED!

'ZANS' ingredients are the purest it is possible to obtain. Immediately you take 'ZANS' APC, disintegration and rapid absorption by the body commence. This, combined with the extreme accuracy of preparation, gives MAXIMUM SPEED and FULL EFFECT! 'ZANS' is the quickest way to stop pains and headaches. It begins to act at once. Feverish

complaints such as colds and 'flu are quickly dispelled too. 'ZANS' lifts depression; in its place comes a feeling of well-being and confidence once again. 'ZANS' acts in a soothing manner — there are no harmful or unpleasant after-effects.

**GUARANTEE** — If you do not find that 'ZANS' brings surer, quicker relief for the complaints listed below your purchase money will be returned in full.

*Quicker Relief from*

• HEADACHES	• IRRITABILITY	• SLEEPLESSNESS	• COLDS
• NEURITIS	• LASSITUDE	• PERIODIC PAINS	• INFLUENZA
• RHEUMATISM	• After Effects of CONVIVIALITY	Peculiar to Women	
• NERVINESS	• NERVE PAINS	• SCIATICA	

**3<sup>d</sup> & 1<sup>st</sup> PKT WORKS OUT AT 1<sup>d</sup> A DOSE**

*Nicholas Product*

## 'ZANS' IS EASY TO TAKE

'ZANS' is made in tablet form because tablets (made the 'ZANS' way) are the surest way of avoiding incorrect medicinal dosage. But the tablet form is also the modern way — and the most convenient way — of taking APC. However, if preferred, 'ZANS' may be crushed and taken as a powder. 'ZANS' also makes an excellent APC mixture. 2 tablets mixed in a tablespoonful of water produce a liquid APC of identical therapeutic strength with that specified in leading public hospitals.



COPYRIGHT. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Z 11 / 46



# As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

**I**MPORTANT changes now take place in the lives of many people. There are rocks ahead for Virgoans, Gemini-ans, and Sagittarians, who should watch where they are going. Pisceans, Scorpians, and Cancerians should aim for desired goals and changes, for good fortune lies ahead of them.

Taurians and Leonians can expect an improvement on recent difficult weeks.

## The Daily Diary

**H**ERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Unspectacular days for most. Feb. 23 (late) helpful. Feb. 24 (except midday) good. Feb. 25 fair.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): A general though modest improvement in your affairs after Feb. 20. Feb. 21 to midday poor; then fair. Feb. 22 (except 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.) good. Feb. 23 helpful.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): A mixed week, so be cautious. Feb. 18



"Thanks for helping us out on these crossings, mates—we'll get the regular whistle fixed to-night."

fair. Feb. 19 (except forenoon and after 9 p.m.) very fair. Other days unreliable. Avoid new ventures.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Feb. 18, 23 (late), 24, and 25 poor. Be cautious some business days. Feb. 20 (except from 8 a.m. to 11 a.m. and between 1 p.m. and 3 p.m.) fair. Feb. 21 (after midday) fair. Feb. 22 and 23 very good. Be progressive on the good days.

**LEO** (July 23 to Aug. 23): Continue to the quiet and patiently until after midday on Feb. 21. Thereafter some business days, including Feb. 23 (noon to sunset), 24 (except midday), and 25.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 23 to Sept. 23): A week for caution. Avoid making important ventures. Feb. 18 fair. Feb. 20, 21, 22, and 23 (morning and afternoon). On Feb. 24 (midday especially) beware losses.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Feb. 18, 23 (late), 24, and 25 poor. Feb. 19 (noon to 9 p.m.), 20 good, and 22 fair.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A time for decisive action. Make plans for gains and changes. Be cautious until midday on Feb. 21. Feb. 21 (afternoon and night), 22, 23, and 24 all very good.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): A week for caution. Feb. 18 (from dusk) and 19 fair. Feb. 21, 22, and 23 very poor (avoid indiscretions). Feb. 24 and 25, decidedly good.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Most Capricornians will have modest good fortune on Feb. 18, 22, and 23. But minor difficulties arise on Feb. 21 (late), 24, and 25.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Continue your search for good fortune, but be less aggressive after Feb. 20. Feb. 19 (except forenoon and after 9 p.m.) and 22 very helpful.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Plan ahead for advancement and changes. Good fortune possible for some weeks. Feb. 18 (afternoon), 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, all very good.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## Your Coupons

TEA: £12 (1-4 expire March 2, 5-8 expire March 20).  
SUGAR: 8/-6 (cumulative).  
BUTTER: 7/-9 (expire March 2).  
MEAT: Black 15/-, Green 17/- from February 12 to March 2.  
CLOTHING: 22/-113 (expire June 30, 1947), 1-56 current.



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have been staying on a ranch in New Mexico, where they had plenty of excitement while solving the mystery of a two-headed monster which was supposed to haunt the ranch. The monster proved to be a cattleman dressed in weird clothing, because he wanted to frighten

the ranch-owner into selling out to him. Mandrake outmaneuvered him; and the ranch, which proves to have rich deposits of pitchblende, is saved for its rightful owner. After leaving New Mexico, Mandrake decides he would like some mountain air, so he and Lothar go to a mountain resort, hoping to enjoy some snow sports. **NOW READ ON:**

**AT A MOUNTAIN RESORT, MANDRAKE ENTERTAINS WITH A FEW TRICKS...**



THIS LITTLE FELLOW SAYS HE'S TIRED OF BEING A TOY PIG. HE WANTS TO BE MORE USEFUL.

OH--IT TURNED INTO A PIGSKIN BAG! HOW CLEVER! BUT--IT'S NOT REAL PIGSKIN. IT'S ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.

NATURALLY, BECAUSE IT WAS AN ARTIFICIAL PIG.



I ENJOYED YOUR TRICKS SO MUCH, MANDRAKE.

THIS IS MARSHA DALE, MANDRAKE. A BRAVE GIRL, BUT A FOOLISH ONE. SHE INTENDS TO CLIMB THE NORTH FACE OF GLASS MOUNTAIN.

LOOKS LIKE QUITE A CLIMB.



QUITE A CLIMB? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE! AND IT'S DEATH TO TRY! THE MOUNTAIN IS GUARDED--AND NO ONE IS PERMITTED TO REACH THE SUMMIT!

OH, DON'T START THAT SILLY STORY AGAIN.



WHAT SILLY STORY?

THE GHOST BEAR OF GLASS MOUNTAIN!! THE PEAK IS HAUNTED! DON'T LAUGH! SIX MEN CLIMBED THE PEAK LAST YEAR--AND WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN!



PLEASE, MISS DALE! FOR THE LAST TIME--NOT THE GLASS MOUNTAIN!

DON'T BE CHILDISH. MY GUIDE IS WAITING. IF I MEET YOUR GHOST BEAR, I'LL BRING YOU BACK HIS HIDE! GOODBYE!



DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN THE GHOST BEAR?

THERE ARE STRANGE THINGS IN THESE MOUNTAINS. WHO KNOWS WHAT TO BELIEVE? WE CAN FOLLOW THE CLIMB THROUGH THIS TELESCOPE.

TO BE CONTINUED





*Threads from the loom of time*



## 2 THE INCEPTION OF A GREAT BUSINESS ...

IN 1816, in the quiet, rural county of Essex, Samuel Courtauld, the principal founder of the present firm, set up his first premises for the manufacture of silk, and the business prospered despite upheavals following the end of the Napoleonic wars.

Samuel and his brothers specialised in making mourning crape, and by the time of the death of the Prince Consort they were acknowledged masters in the production of this material.

Long before Courtaulds became concerned with the manufacture of rayon, their fine silks had a world-wide distribution and were shipped to Australia from mid-Victorian times onwards.

*Courtaulds*

the largest rayon manufacturers in the British Commonwealth

Distributors overseas of Courtaulds Fabrics: Samuel Courtauld & Co. Ltd., London, England.

Distributors in Australia:

MELBOURNE: (Head Office) Samuel Courtauld & Co. (Aust.) Pty.

Ltd., Quakers House, 175 Flinders Lane.

BRISBANE: Erik B. Milne, 172 Edward Street.

PERTH: A. C. Mackie, Economic Chambers, William Street.

SYDNEY: Samuel Courtauld & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Broughton

House, 181 Clarence Street.

ADELAIDE: K. T. Flint, 178 Rundle Street.

Distributors overseas of Courtaulds Rayon Yarns: Lustre Fibres Ltd., Coventry, England.

Distributors in Australia:

SYDNEY: Vance & McKee Pty. Ltd., 235 Clarence Street.

MELBOURNE: Vance & McKee Pty. Ltd., 40 William Street, C.I.



**C**HIEF INSPECTOR JAPP escaped, Miss Sainsbury Seal's last words being: "And if, by any chance, my name should be in the papers—as a witness at the inquest, I mean—you will be sure that it is spelt right. Mabelle Sainsbury Seal—Mabelle spelt MABELLE, and Seal spelt SEALE. And, of course, if they did care to mention that I appeared in 'As You Like It' at the Oxford Repertory Theatre—"

"Of course, of course," Chief Inspector Japp fairly fled.

In the taxi, he sighed and wiped his forehead.

"If it's ever necessary, we ought to be able to check up on her all right," he observed, "unless it was all lies—but that I don't believe!"

Poirot shook his head. "Liar," he said, "are neither so circumstantial nor so inconsequential."

"I was afraid she'd jib at the inquest," Japp went on. "Most middle-aged spinsters do—but her having been an actress accounts for her being eager. Bit of limelight for her!"

"Do you really want her at the inquest?" Poirot asked.

"Probably not. It depends." He paused and then said: "I'm more than ever convinced, Poirot. This wasn't suicide."

"And the motive?"

"Has no bearing for the moment. We may know better where we stand after we've talked to this fellow."

They paid off the taxi and entered the Savoy.

Japp asked for Mr. Ambergott.

The clerk looked at them rather oddly.

"Mr. Ambergott? I'm sorry, sir. I'm afraid you can't see him."

"Oh, yes, I can, my lad," Japp said grimly. He drew the other aside and showed him his credentials.

"You don't understand, sir," the clerk said. "Mr. Ambergott died half an hour ago."

Twenty-four hours later Japp rang Poirot up. His tone was bitter.

"Wash out! The whole thing!"

"What do you mean, my friend?"

"Morley committed suicide all right. We've got the motive."

"What was it?"

"I've just had the doctor's report on Ambergott's death. I won't give you the official jargon, but in plain English he died as the result of an overdose of a local anesthetic Morley gave him. It acted on his heart, I understand, and he collapsed. When the poor wretch said he was feeling bad yesterday afternoon he was just speaking the truth. Morley made an error, injected an overdose, and then after Ambergott left he realised what he had done, couldn't face the music and shot himself."

"With a pistol he was not known to possess?" queried Poirot.

"He may have possessed it all the time. Relations don't know everything. You'd be surprised sometimes, the things they don't know!"

Poirot said, "You know, my friend, it does not quite satisfy me. It is true that patients have been known to react unfavorably to these local anaesthetics. But the doctor or dentist who employed the drug does not usually carry his concern as far as killing himself!"

"Yes, but you're talking of cases where the employment of the anesthetic was normal. In that case no particular blame attaches to the surgeon concerned. It is the idiosyncrasy of the patient that has caused death. But in this case it's clear that there was a definite overdose. They haven't the exact amount yet, but it was definitely more than the normal dose. That means that Morley must have made a mistake."

"Even then," said Poirot, "it was a mistake. It would not be a criminal matter."

"No, but it wouldn't do him any good in his profession. In fact, it

would pretty well ruin him. Nobody's going to go to a dentist who's likely to shoot lethal doses of poison into you just because he happens to be a bit absent-minded."

Poirot demurred.

"Would he not have left some message behind him? Saying what he had done? And that he could not face the consequences? Something of that kind? Just a word for his sister?"

"No, as I see it, he suddenly realised what had happened—and just lost his nerve and took the quickest way out."

"I still think, you know, that there might be another explanation," said Poirot.

"Plenty of other explanations, I dare say. I've thought of them, but they're all too fantastic. Let's say that Ambergott shot Morley, went home, was filled with remorse and committed suicide, using some stuff he'd pinched from Morley's surgery. If you think that's likely, I think it's highly unlikely. We've got a record of Ambergott's at the Yard. Quite interesting."

"He started as a little hotelkeeper in Greece, then he mixed himself up in politics. He's done espionage work in Germany and in France—and made very pretty little sums of money. But he wasn't getting rich quick enough that way, and he's believed to have done a spot or two of blackmail."

"Not a nice man, our Mr. Ambergott. He was out in India last year and is believed to have bled one of the native princes rather freely. The difficult thing has been ever to prove anything against him. Slippery as an eel."

"It would seem so," Poirot murmured.

"And as for this case," Japp concluded, "it seems to boil down to what I first said—a genuine mistake made when Morley was overworked. We'll have to leave it at that, Poirot."

"I see," said Poirot, with a sigh. "I know what you feel, old boy."

Japp said kindly, "But you can't have a nice juicy murder every time! So long. All I can say by way of apology is the old phrase: 'Sorry you have been troubled!'"

He rang off.

**H**ERCULE POIROT sat at his handsome modern desk. He liked modern furniture. Its squareness and solidity were more agreeable to him than the soft contours of antique models.

In front of him was a square sheet of paper with neat headings and comments. Against some of them were query marks.

First came: Ambergott's Espionage. In England for that purpose? Was in India last year. During period of riots and unrest.

There was a space, and then the next heading:

Frank Carter? Morley thought him unsatisfactory. Was discharged from his employment recently. Why?

After that came a name with merely a question mark: Howard Rakkes?

Next came a sentence in inverted commas.

"But that's absurd!" ???

Hercule Poirot's head was poised interrogatively. Outside the window a bird was carrying a twig to build its nest. Hercule Poirot looked rather like a bird as he sat there with his head cocked on one side.

He made another entry a little farther down.

Mr. Barnes?

He paused and then wrote: Morley's office? Mark on carpet.

Possibilities.

He considered that last entry for some time.

Then he got up, called for his hat and stick and went out.

## One. Two. Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 5

Three-quarters of an hour later he came out of the underground station at Ealing Broadway and five minutes after that he had reached his destination—No. 88, Castle Gardens Road.

It was a small, semi-detached house, and the neatness of the front garden drew an admiring nod from Hercule Poirot.

"Admirably symmetrical," he murmured to himself.

Mr. Barnes was at home and Poirot was shown into a small, precise dining-room and here presently Mr. Barnes came to him. He was a small man with twinkling eyes and a nearly bald head. He peeped over the top of his glasses at his visitor while in his left hand he twirled the card that Poirot had given the maid.

"Well, well, M. Poirot? I am honored, I am sure," he said in a prim, almost falsetto, voice.

"You must excuse my calling upon you in this informal manner," said Poirot punctiliously.

"Much the best way," said Mr. Barnes. "And the time is admirable, too. A quarter to seven—very sound time for catching anyone at home." He waved his hand.

"Sit down, M. Poirot. I've no doubt we've got a good deal to talk about. 58, Queen Charlotte Street, I suppose?"

Poirot said: "You suppose rightly—but why should you suppose anything of the kind?"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Barnes. "I've been retired from the Home Office for some time now—but I've not gone quite rusty yet. If there's any hush-hush business, it's far better not to use the police. Draws attention to it all!"

"I will ask yet another question," Poirot said. "Why should you suppose this is a hush-hush business?"

"Isn't it?" asked the other. "Well, if it isn't, in my opinion it ought to be." He leaned forward and tapped with his pince-nez on the arm of the chair. "In Secret Service work it's never the little fry you want—it's the big ones at the top—but to get them you've got to be careful not to alarm the little fry."

"It seems to me, Mr. Barnes, that you know more than I do," said Hercule Poirot.

"Don't know anything at all," replied the other; "just put two and two together."

"One of those two being?"

"Ambergott," said Mr. Barnes promptly. "You forget I sat opposite to him in the waiting-room for a minute or two. He didn't know me. I was always an insignificant chap. Not a bad thing sometimes. But I knew him all right—and I could guess what he was up to over here."

"Which was?"

Mr. Barnes twinkled more than ever.

"We're very tiresome people in this country. We're conservative, you know; conservative to the backbone. We grumble a lot, but we don't really want to smash our democratic government and try new-fangled experiments. That's what's so heart-breaking to the wretched foreign agitator who's working full time and over! The whole trouble is—from their point of view—that we really are, as a country, comparatively solvent."

He smiled knowingly, and went on: "Hardly any other country in Europe is at the moment! To upset England—really upset it—you've got to wreck its finances—that's what it comes to! And you can't do that when you've got men like Alistair Blunt at the helm."

"Blunt is the kind of man who in private life would always pay his bills and live within his income—whether

he'd got twopence a year or several million. He is that type of fellow. And he just simply thinks that there's no reason why a country shouldn't do the same! No costly experiments. No frenzied expenditure on possible Utopias. That's why—he paused—"that's why certain people have made up their minds that Blunt must go."

"Ah," said Poirot.

Mr. Barnes nodded.

"Yes," he said. "I know what I'm talking about. Quite nice people, some of 'em. Long-haired, earnest-eyed, and full of ideals of a better world. Others not so nice, rather nasty in fact. And another lot again of the Big Bully type. But they've all got the same idea: Blunt Must Go!"

He tilted his chair gently back and forward again.

**D**RAMATICALLY, Mr. Barnes went on: "Sweep away the old order! The Tories, the Conservatives, the Diehards; that's the idea. Perhaps these people are right—I don't know—but I do know one thing—you've got to have something to put in the place of the old order—something that will work—not just something that sounds all right."

Again, he smiled knowingly. "Well, we needn't go into that. We're dealing with concrete facts, not abstract theories. Take away the props and the building will come down. Blunt is one of the props of Things as They Are."

He leaned forward. "They're out after Blunt all right. That I know. And it's my opinion that yesterday morning they nearly got him. I may be wrong—but it's been tried before. The method, I mean."

Please turn to page 28

Want to know a secret?  
This slip is years old but  
it still has that New look...  
the **LUX** LOOK!



Lux care keeps undies lovely  
3 times as long!

Any glamour girl will tell you it's smart to LUX undies good and often. It's left-in perspiration that ruins delicate fabrics. But a regular nightly Lux dip gently whisks it away before it can do harm. That simple care keeps the new look in your undies—that LUX LOOK. Tests prove that with LUX, undies stay new-looking 3 times as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing!



U23624

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly—February 22, 1947

Page 23





**THE QUEEN'S HATS:**  
Beige felt pneumatic beret,  
beige and rose flowers.

Ice-blue straw, with pleated  
ice-blue and maroon tulle  
between two pancake brims.

Romantic bonnet in rose  
felt and la France roses,  
swathed in veiling.

Gainsborough hat in pink balibuntal,  
brim in two tiers, trimmed with  
shaded pink violets.

Palest cyclamen balibuntal. A  
large bow in wide taffeta ribbon  
accents its line.

Eggshell-blue felt with heavy  
Spanish brim cut on new  
symmetric lines.

## FROCKS AND HATS FOR THE



PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



**WHITE CHIFFON**  
evening gown, with  
large gold plaid design  
and gold belt, with  
flowing skirt and softly  
folded cross-over cor-  
sage.



**WHITE - SPOTTED**  
turquoise-blue foulard  
with organdie cuffs and  
collar.



**AFTERNOON DRESS**  
in yellow, grey, and  
white printed silk,  
finished with soft bows  
at neckline and on  
sleeves.



**LIME-GREEN** taffeta evening gown  
embroidered with antique gold motifs.

★ On these pages we feature original sketches of some of the Molyneux and Hartnell models and Aage Thaarup hats which Queen Elizabeth and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret will wear on their tour of South Africa.

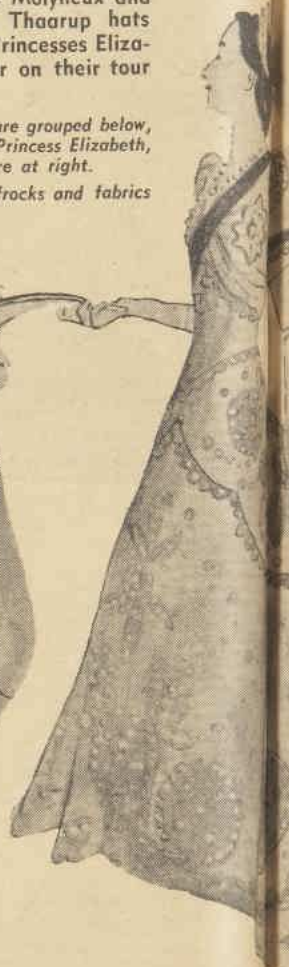
Three of the Queen's frocks are grouped below, those on the left were chosen by Princess Elizabeth, and four of Princess Margaret's are at right.

Color pages of more Royal frocks and fabrics appear in our issue of March 8.



**GRAND ROBE DE CHAMBRE**  
white slipper satin gown  
decorated with guipure  
lace and gold paillettes,  
crystals, and diamonds.

**CYCLAMEN CREPE**  
evening ensemble (left)  
the frock, draped to the  
and caught by clusters  
of cyclamen-pink  
violet.







PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S HATS: Hyacinth-blue felt, with blue and silver organza.

Garden Party hat in spotted white net, with enormous ruffled net bow.

Sugar-pink felt, with intricately folded crown and bow of pink.

Profile halo in sun beige straw, with deeper-toned veiling, ruffled under brim.

PRINCESS MARGARET'S HATS: Profile hat in red bako strap.

China-blue felt with bows at both sides to stress the Dutch bonnet brim.

## QUEEN AND PRINCESSES



QUEEN ELIZABETH



WHITE - SPOTTED salmon-pink foulard-white organza cuffs, collar, and stitching in scallops to hold pleats.



YELLOW LINEN tailored morning dress with white linen cuffs and collar.

PALE BLUE TULLE, with blue lace appliqued round frills on wide neckline and hemline of skirt.

NAVY-BLUE wool coat piped and lined with white, worn over white tweed crepe frock, trimmed with navy-blue. (Right).



BOUFFANT evening frock in pink slipper tulle.



PRINCESS MARGARET



# It's a time for Celebration

when you find out what tests have proved



## Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND NEW brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive, patented compound that Irium removes the dulling film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

Sweet but sticky... he

needs a bath with PEARS SOAP



The purity of Pears Soap need not be taken on trust. You can actually look right into the heart of a tablet. Its lather is mild and gentle—perfect for delicate baby skin. And the faint mellowed fragrance comes simply from the fine ingredients, long matured.

P. 21-27

# WORTH Reporting

**WHIZZING** up and down in one of the lifts at Grace Brothers', Sydney, we chatted with Mr. Clarrie Perkins, oldest lift-driver in the firm. He's been there since September 21, 1900, and he thinks that he'll retire this winter.

"But I'm not leaving the lifts altogether," he said. "I'm taking an old one home. A hydraulic one that I drove years ago, before it was turned into a goods lift. They're giving it to me. I'm going to put it out in the garden at home. I'll have a cover over the roof, then it'll be watertight. There's a seat to sit on, and I'll rest there on Sundays."

He leaned forward confidentially. "I'll keep us out of the ladies' way when a pal of mine comes up. His wife can talk to mine, and we can sit there in the lift and yarn."

"What does your wife think of the idea?" we asked.

"She didn't say much," he said. "Just 'I hope you'll keep it tidy!'"

Mr. Perkins told us that the hydraulic lift had a padded seat inside it, and mothers trying to carry parcels and control children found it a comfortable place to rest. It was cool, and Mr. Perkins was there to rectify impromptu verse at each floor. Instead of reciting the catalogue of things to be found on the first floor he'd chant brightly:

"First floor  
Fats and pans,  
Kettles and cans,  
Brushes and brooms  
To clean out the rooms."

After which he'd usher part of the crowd from the lift and add warningly:

"Mind the step, please—  
Don't fall and hurt your knees!"

By the time the passengers reached the top floor they were waiting eagerly as Mr. Perkins opened the door once again, and cried with finality: "Top floor, and no more."

Well, new things come. Now the lift—no more, which used to bounce unless controlled by its regular attendant, is outmoded—replaced by a modern, electric, dual-control lift. But Mr. Perkins will always think of the old one as part of his life.

His enthusiasm for lifts was catching. We have visions of Mr. Perkins sitting in his lift, like a bird in a big cage, with the sun shining, and the winds blowing, owner of his private elevator. As we left we wondered calculatingly that if we worked for 47 years in our firm perhaps we might stand a chance of taking a lift home, too.

### Poor fish

FINDING it hard to reconcile the reported fishing catches of two Melbourne businessmen with their claim that fishing was the most perfect form of relaxation, we asked them about their methods.

They told us about their fishing-boat, fitted with a small electric stove and refrigerator.

"But with all these mod. cons. you've still got the bother of baiting lines," we persisted.

"Oh, no," they protested with horrified voices. "The man does that." "What man?" we pressed. "The boatman who comes along to show us where to fish and to clean and cook our catches," they explained.

An electrically lit globe attached to a waterproofed length of flex lowered into the sea below the boat to illuminate mussels tossed overboard as ground bait leaves only need of goodwill on part of fish to swallow hooks and complete success of anglers' outings.

### In the current phrase—

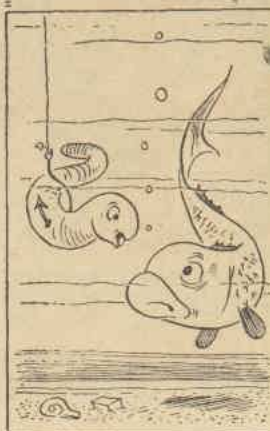
**THIS** week's little-tot story: A five-year-old girl among the year's batch of new school-goers stuck it for a week.

In the middle of the morning on the Monday after starting she packed up her satchel, walked up to the teacher and said, "I'm going home."

"Don't you like it here?" asked the teacher soothingly.

"No," said the small girl, looking her straight in the eye. "I've HAD it."

### Animal Antics



"Did I ever show you my incision?"

### Barely acceptable

IT'S several years since the first of the midriff dresses made fashion news—for evening or for beach wear. Shops this season and last have been full of them. The other day one of our staff bought one, tried it on as soon as she got home for dinner.

Mother and sisters were admiring it, exclaiming at its cheapness, when father arrived home from work. "Don't you think it's nice?" they asked him.

"Well, yes," said father, with the puzzled air of one who isn't let in on the joke, "but what do you wear on your stomach?"

**JUST** as the papers were carrying the news of the big freeze and the partial blackout in London, we received a London pamphlet telling of developments in various British products and industries. One paragraph began: "Electric fires are very popular in Britain, especially for the quick warming of rooms for a short while during breakfast."

### Modern flitters

"FLITTING," once confined to citizens unable to pay their rent, is being practised nowadays by people who are entirely solvent.

Reason is the housing shortage.

Suppose one tenant has a small, furnished flat, wants to move to a bigger one. He finds a tenant of a big flat, suggests an exchange. If the agents approve, so much the better, but very often the agents, with waiting lists as long as your arm, don't approve.

So the denizens of both flats begin a long-term move. Day by day they depart with small suitcases, bundles under the arm, moving their personal belongings over a period of weeks.

The last move is usually accomplished late at night. By the time the owners or agents wake up the move has been accomplished, and often, after the initial annoyance, owners prefer to let things slide rather than take action.

In one big block of Sydney flats the caretaker woke at midnight, remembered an unlocked door, emerged from her flat just in time to see a couple of her favorite tenants tiptoeing through the hall laden with suitcases. She was, naturally enough, much aggrieved—but eventually the situation was smoothed over, and the exchange effected.

### Couponless cassocks

IN her regular newsletter from the Women's Voluntary Service, London, Mrs. G. H. Dunbar tells of some minor changes in the English clothing ration, among them that cassocks are to be coupon free.

"This piece of news must have brought a blush to many a woman's cheek," she writes. "Here have we been mauling and yowling about lack of stockings, underclothes and frocks, and all the time the clergy (uncomplaining lot) were buying cassocks on coupons."

"It has struck us now and again that our clergy were looking a little shabby. Cassocks had a tendency to a greenish hue, instead of black, and, on close view, showed patches and darns."

"We remember a parson telling us what a joy it was when women left odd black gloves behind in church, and failed to claim them, because the gloves were useful for patching cassock elbows."

"At the time we merely thought what admirable examples of make-do-and-mend were the clergy, but now the full measure of their sacrifice is shown."

### Telephones answered

THE same London newsletter tells of the "almost Stygian gloom" of England, with the influenza epidemic—which is affecting not only humans, but horses and dogs—the intense cold, and the shortage of fuel as well as food.

But the writer says that she has determined to find one piece of bright news for each newsletter—and the item this time is that taxi-drivers are beginning to answer their telephone bells again.

"For more years than we care to remember," she says, "telephone bells on taxi ranks have rung unceasingly for the benefit, as far as we could see, of nobody but the pignora. Now, suddenly, you can ring for a taxi, and nine times out of ten get an answer and the taxi miraculously appears at your door."

"Anyone who has been in London at any time between 1940 and 1944 will know what pleasant news this is, what a wonderful difference it makes in a hard life."

### Price of bags

IN a big Sydney store the other day an Englishman queried the price of a handbag, said he had seen a similar one much cheaper in a small shop.

He decided to buy the one at the small shop, brought it back to the other store to be compared.

The salesgirl looked at the bags together, failed to find any difference in design or quality, took it to the department head.

"He says he doesn't know how they do it," she said, rewrapping the Englishman's parcel for him.

Price of the bag at the big establishment was £2/13/-. At the other, £2/11/-.

A **STUDIO** photographer, over a N.S.W. radio station, promises "Candid, yet tactful, wedding photographs."

### THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"It's all right, Mr. Johnson. He was gonna ask for a transfer to the Sea Scouts, anyway."





GOVERNOR-GENERAL DESIGNATE, Mr. W. J. McKell, and Mrs. McKell are among many friends and officials who take last opportunity of bidding farewell to Duchess of Gloucester in Royal drawing-room before Rangitiki sails.

## Intimate Pottings

BEFLAGGED ship under blue skies takes the Duchess of Gloucester from our shores. We remember a gracious, smiling Duchess—immaculate, beautifully groomed—managing, with the matchless self-discipline imposed on themselves by all members of the Royal Family in their public appearances, to appear cool and at ease when members of her entourage are visibly writhing around her in the humidity of a February afternoon sailing.

And because sailing of the Rangitiki is the last occasion on which many of us are to see the Duchess and the two little Princes, small, unconnected observations crowd our mind.

The growing likeness of Prince William to his uncle, the late Duke of Kent; his tailored white shirt piped with blue, badge of his seniority over little Prince Richard, whose shirts are still trimmed with baby smocking. . . . The ability of the Duchess to stand at a ship's rail for half an hour in the blazing sun and keep her kid gloves spotlessly white.

The spontaneous warmth with which the Duchess farewells Rear-Admiral Sir Leighton and Lady Bracegirdle. . . . The urbanity of Mr. W. J. McKell, who as Governor-General designate comes in for a good deal of chaffing from friends and officials assembled in the drawing-room to bid farewell to the Duchess.

The frequency with which the words "old boy" occur in the farewells of male members of the Duke's staff who are travelling in the Rangitiki. The very evident distress of Mrs. Michael Hawkins, formerly Virginia Heath, at leaving her mother and grandmother. . . . Major Hawkins' open-necked tunic.

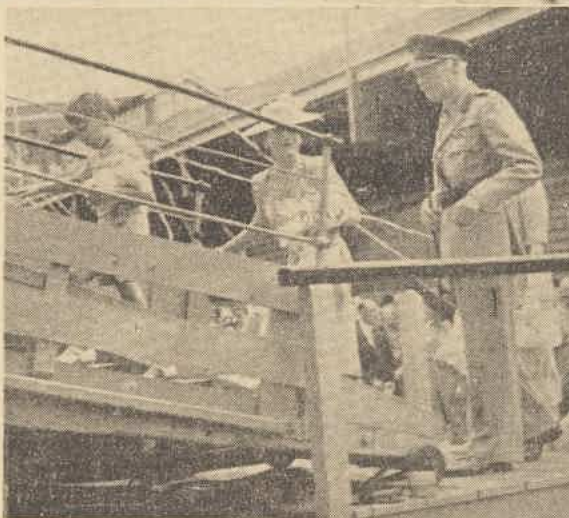
A wicker dog-basket with grey flannel blanket for the Duke's two Australian terriers, Piper and Jean, sitting indecorously on top of a tin trunk outside the flower-filled Royal drawing-room. The endearing habit of Prince Richard's butter-fair hair of falling over his forehead. The Duchess' slenderness and tiny stature, her back always as straight as a little ramrod.

The streamers lighten, grow taut. Prince Richard is roused by his nurse to renewed waving. A tired, over-excited little boy, you wonder if there is a glass of milk and bread and butter and honey sandwiches for him in his nursery. Prince William, who made an indelible impression on us all with the orange incident on his first Australian appearance, breaks away from the Royal group and is retrieved by Miss Eileen Phipps, the Duchess' lady-in-waiting. He is managing the Royal, open-handed wave very well; his little brother merely flaps his hand in the air, peering down at the crowd-lined wharf. Taut streamers held by the Duchess break—she goes from us.

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 22, 1947



PRINCE RICHARD, a baby when he came here two years ago, is big enough now to climb on railing and wave his own farewell to the people who have grown to love the beguiling ways of the two Royal children.



RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST, Prince William, toy koala under arm, leads the way unassisted up gangplank when Royal party embark. He is followed by Duchess, attended by acting Governor-General, Sir Winston Dugan.

MACQUARIE GROVE Flying Club, Camden, has unofficial opening when Edward Macarthur-Onslow entertains local and Sydney friends at first informal party given in lovely old house which will serve as clubhouse and residence to members. Party, I understand, is exceedingly cherry, and goes on well past the cocktail hour. Local people will become non-flying members.

CONSUL-GENERAL for China and Mrs. S. Y. Woo invite guests to first dinner party to celebrate moving into new Rose Bay home. Guests are enchanted to see on walls rare tapestries and prints brought from China, but not unpacked when Woos were in temporary home in Drumalbyn Road. Mrs. Woo, who always wears Chinese dress, adopts custom of the country, and uses the form "Mrs." Woo on invitation cards.

MARRIED in Hobart recently. Jane Gardiner and Capt. A. D. Barling, formerly Lieut.-Commander Barling, D.S.C., R.A.N.V.R. Jane is daughter of Mrs. M. H. Gardiner, of Sydney, and the late Mr. A. D. Gardiner, of Bridgellah, Baradine. Captain Barling is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Barling. Couple meet at Cairns during war; Jane was stationed with the A.W.A.S. and Captain Barling with Naval Beach Commandos, training Ninth Division. Bride is well known in aviation circles, being one of first Australian women to fly own plane. They will live at Collaroy.

AFTER glorious family holiday on the Hawkesbury, Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert Phillips come back to Darling Point home in time to arrange gay young people's party for three daughters before they go back to boarding-school. Keen exchange of news when they meet again, as each of the girls goes to a different school.

SIX weeks' honeymoon in Melbourne and Tasmania for Dr. and Mrs. George Malouf, who were married recently at St. Mary's Cathedral. Bride was formerly Joy Sobbs, eldest daughter of the Tom Sobbs, of New Lambton.

QUIET wedding for Adrian Abrams and Shirley Dawn Reynolds, who choose St. James', King Street, for ceremony. Shirley, who is tall and fair, wears Rembrandt-brown frock for ceremony. Couple will make future home at Moss Vale.

LOTS of visitors from Forbes attend wedding of Margaret McMahon, younger daughter of Mrs. McMahon and the late Mr. W. J. McMahon, of Forbes and Bondi, when she marries Leonard Baker, of Rose Bay.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE luncheon. Before farewelling Duchess, the Governor, Lieut.-General Northcott, and Mrs. Northcott entertain the newly elected Premier of N.S.W., Mr. J. McGirr, and Mrs. McGirr to luncheon at Government House.



CEREMONY at St. Mark's, Darling Point, when Anne Macneil marries Paddy Willsall. Dr. Carey Williams attends groom, bridesmaid is Pam Hudson. Couple will live at Grenfell, where Paddy has recently purchased property.



CHARMING BRIDE. Mr. and Mrs. William Shaw sign the register after wedding at St. Mark's. Bride was formerly Joan Wynn Roberts, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Roberts, Darling Point.



QUIETLY and circumspectly then, Mr. Barnes mentioned three names. An unusually able Chancellor of the Exchequer, a progressive and far-sighted manufacturer, and a hopeful young politician who had captured the public fancy.

The first had died on the operating table, the second had succumbed to an obscure disease which had been recognised too late, the third had been run down by a car and killed.

"It's very easy," said Mr. Barnes. "The anaesthetist muffed the giving of the anaesthetic—well, that does happen. In the second case the symptoms were puzzling. The doctor was just a well-meaning G.P., couldn't be expected to recognise them. In the third case, anxious mother was driving car in a hurry to her sick child. Sob stuff—the jury acquitted her of blame!"

"All quite natural. And soon forgotten. But I'll tell you where those three people are now."

He paused, as though to give full weight to his next words.

"The anaesthetist is set up on his own with a first-class research laboratory—no expense spared. That G.P. has retired from practice. He's got a yacht, and a nice holiday place. The mother is giving all her children a first-class education, ponies to ride in the holidays, nice house in the country with a big garden and paddocks."

He nodded his head slowly.

"In every profession and walk of life there is someone who is vulnerable to temptation. The trouble in our case is that Morley wasn't!"

"You think it was like that?" said Hercule Poirot.

"I do," Mr. Barnes said. "It's not easy to get at one of these big men, you know. They're fairly well protected. The car stunt is risky and

doesn't always succeed. But a man is defenceless enough in a dentist's chair. That's my theory! Morley wouldn't do the job. He knew too much, though, so they had to put him out."

"They?" asked Poirot.

"When I say they—I mean the organisation that's behind all this. Only one person actually did the job, of course."

"Which person?"

"Well, I could make a guess," said Mr. Barnes, "but it's only a guess and I might be wrong."

Poirot said quietly: "Really?"

"Of course! He's the obvious person. I think that probably they never asked Morley to do the job himself. What he was to do was to turn Blunt over to his partner at the last minute. Sudden illness, something of that sort. Really would have done the actual business—and there would have been another regrettable accident."

Again he nodded. "You can see it—death of a famous banker—unhappy young dentist in court in such a state of dither and misery that he would have been let down lightly. He'd have given up dentistry afterwards—and settled down somewhere on a nice income of several thousands a year."

"In your theory," Poirot asked, "where does Amberiotis come in?"

"I'm not quite sure. I think he was meant to take the rap. He's played a double game more than once, and I dare say he was framed. That's only an idea, mind."

Poirot said quietly: "Granting that your ideas are correct—what will happen next?"

"They'll try to get him again. Oh, yes. They'll have another try. Time's

## One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 23

short. Blunt has got people looking after him, I dare say. They'll have to be extra careful. It won't be a man hiding in a bush with a pistol. Nothing so crude as that. You tell 'em to look out for the respectable people—the relations, the old servants, the chemist's assistant who makes up a medicine, the wine merchant who sells him his port."

"Getting Alistair Blunt out of the way is worth a great many millions, and it's wonderful what people will do for—say, a nice little income of four thousand a year!"

"As much as that?"

"Possibly more."

Poirot was silent a moment, then he said: "I have had Reilly in mind from the first."

"Irish? Temperamental?"

"Not that so much, but there was a mark, you see, on the carpet, as though the body had been dragged along it. But if Morley was shot by a patient he would be shot in the surgery and there would be no need to move the body. That is why, from the first, I suspected that he had been shot, not in the surgery, but in his office—next door. That would mean that it was not a patient who shot him, but some member of his own household."

"Neat," said Mr. Barnes appreciatively.

Hercule Poirot got up and held out a hand.

"Thank you," he said, "You have helped me a great deal."

On his way home, Poirot called in at the Glengowrie Court Hotel. As a result of that visit he rang Japp up the following morning.

He said, "It may interest you to

learn that Miss Sainsbury Seale walked out of the Glengowrie Court Hotel just before dinner the night before last—and did not come back."

"What? She's booked it?"

"That is a possible explanation."

"But why should she? She's quite all right, you know. I called Calcutta about her—that was before I knew the reason for Amberiotis' death, otherwise I shouldn't have bothered—and I got the reply last night. Everything O.K. She's been known there for years, and her whole account of herself is true—except that she's sturred over her marriage a bit. Married a Hindu student and then found he'd got a few attachments already."

"She promptly resumed her maiden name and took to good work. She's hand and glove with the missionaries—teaches elocution, and helps in amateur dramatic shows. In fact, what I call a terrible woman—but definitely above suspicion of being mixed up in a murder. And now you say she's walked out on us! I can't understand it."

He paused a minute and then went on doubtfully: "Perhaps she just got fed up with that hotel? I could have easily."

Poirot said: "Her luggage is still there. She took nothing with her."

"When did she go?"

"About a quarter to seven."

"What about the hotel people?"

"They're very upset. Manageress looked quite distraught."

"Why didn't they report to the police?"

"Because, my friend, supposing that a lady does happen to stay out for a night (however unlikely it may seem from her appearance) she will be justifiably annoyed by finding on her return that the police have been called in. Mrs. Harrison, the manageress in question, called up various hospitals in case there had been an accident. She was considering notifying the police when I called."

"My appearance seemed to her like an answer to prayer. I charged myself with everything, and explained that I would enlist the help of a very discreet police officer."

"The discreet police officer being yours truly, I suppose?"

"You suppose rightly."

Japp groaned.

"All right. I'll meet you at the Glengowrie Court Hotel after the inquest."

Japp grumbled as they were waiting for the manageress.

"What does the woman want to disappear for?"

"It is curious, you admit?"

They had no time for more.

Mrs. Harrison, proprietor of the Glengowrie Court, was with them.

Mrs. Harrison was voluble and almost tearful. She was so worried about Miss Sainsbury Seale. What could have happened to her? Rapidly she went over every possibility of disaster. Loss of memory, sudden illness, run down by an omnibus, robbery and assault—

For a time the recital ran on, not giving either man a chance to get in a word. Then, as though running down suddenly, Mrs. Harrison paused at last for breath, murmuring: "Such a nice type of woman—and she seemed so happy and comfortable here."

At Japp's request she took them up to the missing woman's bedroom. Everything was neat and orderly. Clothes hung in the wardrobe, night-clothes were folded ready on the bed, in a corner were Miss Sainsbury Seale's two modest suitcases.

POIROT turned his attention to a row of shoes under the dressing-table—some serviceable brogue, two pairs of rather meretricious kid shoes with court heels and ornamented with bows of leather, some plain black satin evening shoes, practically new, and a pair of slippers. He noted that the evening shoes were a size smaller than the day ones—a fact that might be put down to vanity.

He wondered whether Miss Sainsbury Seale had found time to see the second buckle on her shoe before she went out. He hoped so. Slovenliness in dress always annoyed him.

Japp was busy looking through some letters in a drawer of the dressing-table. Poirot gingerly pulled open a drawer of the chest of drawers. It was full of underclothing. He shut it again modestly, murmuring that Miss Sainsbury Seale seemed to believe in wearing wool next the skin, and opened another drawer which contained stockings.

"Got anything, Poirot?" Japp asked.

Poirot shook his head. "Have you?"

"Two letters here from India, one or two receipts from charitable organisations, no bills. Most estimable character, our Miss Sainsbury Seale."

"But very little taste in dress," said Poirot mildly.

"Probably thought dress worldly."

Japp was noting down an address from an old letter dated two months back.

"These people may know something about her," he said. "Address up Hampstead way. Sounding as though they were fairly intimate."

There was nothing more to be gleaned at the Glengowrie Court Hotel except the negative fact that Miss Sainsbury Seale had not seemed excited or worried in any way when she went out, and it would appear that she had definitely intended to return, since on passing her friend Mrs. Bolitho in the hall she had called out: "After dinner I will show you that Pallance I was telling you about."

Moreover, it was the custom at the Glengowrie Court to give notice in the dining-room if you intended to be out for a meal. Miss Sainsbury Seale had not done so. Therefore it seemed clear that she had intended returning for dinner, which was served from seven-thirty to eight-thirty.

But she had not returned. Japp and Poirot called at the address in West Hampstead which had headed the letter found.

It was a pleasant house, and the Adams were pleasant people with a large family. They had lived in India for many years, and spoke warmly of Miss Sainsbury Seale. But they could not help.

They had not seen her lately, not for a month, not, in fact, since they came back from their Easter holidays. She had been staying then at a hotel near Russell Square, Mrs. Adams gave Poirot the address of it and also the address of some other Anglo-Indian friends of Miss Sainsbury Seale's who lived in Streatham.

But the two men drew a blank in both places. Miss Sainsbury Seale had stayed at the hotel in question, but they remembered very little about her, and nothing that could be of any help. She was a nice, quiet lady and had lived abroad.

The people in Streatham were no help either. They had not seen Miss Sainsbury Seale since February.

There remained the possibility of an accident, but that possibility was dispelled, too. No hospital had admitted any casualty answering to the description given.

Miss Sainsbury Seale had disappeared into space.

To be continued

## 46-YEAR-OLD "Honeymoon Blankets"

STILL GOOD, THANKS TO VELVET SOAP!

Mrs. R. Melksham, Senr.,\* 104 Creek Rd., Maryborough, Queensland, has a wonderfully interesting real-life Velvet story. Here it is. \*Original letter in our office.



says  
*Aunt Jenny*

1. "IT WAS IN THE YEAR 1900. I was out walking with baby when I met a woman with samples of Velvet Soap," writes Mrs. Melksham, Senr. "She asked me if I would give it a trial, and then get some from my grocer. I promised, and did so. And so it was in that year, 1900, I started doing my blanket washing with Velvet Soap!" Here's proof indeed, ladies, of Velvet's extra-thorough, extra-gentle washing, if you like!



2. "MY 46-YEAR-OLD BLANKETS are still in use," continues Mrs. Melksham. "I have one on my bed, and I gave the other to my married daughter (Mrs. Warner). She calls them my 'honeymoon blankets.' Yes, I can tell you I've always made sure of having a supply of Velvet Soap to wash them with... that's what's kept them so good!"



KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



4. WHEN YOU USE VELVET, EVEN DEEP-DOWN DIRT COMES AWAY EASILY... SAFELY. VELVET'S EXTRA SOAPY SUDS MAKE LINENS LAST FOR YEARS.



\* Tune in 11 a.m. every Mon. to Fri.

"AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES"

"BE BEAUTIFUL"

PRICE 6/6 POST FREE

for 6/6 to The Australian Women's Weekly, Castlereagh St., Sydney... we'll send you a copy of "Be Beautiful" POST FREE.

Please send me a copy of "Be Beautiful" by Jean Cleland, post free, to the address below. I am enclosing a postal note for 6/6.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 22, 1947



ANN sighed. No, of course she did not hate John, and was not going to leave him. Nor even behave so that Grace and Dean, their friends who were coming to dinner, could guess they were quarrelling.

Bahne, she saw John crossing the yard, Joanna beside him.

"Oh my goodness, the chickens!" She had forgotten all about feeding them. John was going to do it. A flicker of temper rose again in her. "Animals," she said to herself. "How tired I am of animals!" Then she walked down the hill. John had got back to the house when she reached it, and was in the kitchen.

He told her quickly, "I owe you an apology for criticising your mother. I'm very sorry for whatever I said that offended you."

Ann thought, "He is still angry, though I can tell," and said, "I want to apologise for various things I said, also," and could not help it that her voice was as stiff as his.

She set about arranging Joanna's meal on a tray. "If you'll put her to bed, John, I'll go ahead with setting the table," she suggested.

When she brought up Joanna's tray a little later, John was telling his daughter a long story about a chicken who could talk. Ann kissed the baby good night, went downstairs again. Then Grace and Dean arrived.

The evening went on like many others. But after the guests left, constraint lay as badly as ever between John and Ann.

Next day, while John was out, Ann went on some impulse to the panelled cupboard where were kept the family bankbook, life insurance papers, the deed to the farm. The bankbook was no longer there. So he had spent their holiday money on the farm, and did not want her to know? He needn't think she would ever ask, either?

She searched the barn thoroughly that day for something good enough for a wedding present for Grace. Throughout the cold weather, she had only made cursory examinations of the accumulations of furniture, pictures, treasure and junk, relics of generations of her husband's family.

Now she found a set of engravings, and a wonderful pine desk, badly in need of polish. These things would more than "do." But Ann considered them substitutes, even so.

She told John about them coolly at dinner time. He said that he would get them out and "fix them

## Continuing . . . His Broken Promise

from page 11

up." Once or twice he seemed about to say something else, but each time, he stopped.

Receiving via the recently installed telephone a telegram from her mother stating that she was coming to stay with them for Grace's wedding, Ann said, "I hope it won't be a nuisance to you."

"I've never objected to her visits, have I?" John replied coldly.

"I know very well that you got tired of having her when she was here so long in the winter," Ann reminded him, and was sorry immediately afterward, because John, through those long weeks, had never once failed in politeness to his mother-in-law, in spite of her frequent complaints.

But whether she would have said, she was sorry, she did not know, because this time it was John who slammed out of the house into the darkness.

He had not returned when Ann went to bed. For a long time she lay awake listening for him, but when at last he did come in, he went quietly to the guest-room to sleep.

Ann did not sleep for a long time after that. It was going to be dreadful living with John with this coldness between them. Still, he not she, had changed the pattern of their marriage!

Down the narrow corridor, in the guest-room bed, John tossed, as restless as she, and for perhaps the hundredth time in two days, added columns of figures in his head to their unvarying sum.

He knew that he had managed this whole thing badly, but he had so hated having to "manage" it at all. If Ann only knew how little was left of their carefully saved bank balance—but, of course, she must not know.

Mrs. Sanderlyn had written to him privately ten days earlier, care of his father, imploring him not to tell Ann of the letter. It gave a frantic

account of her misfortunes at bridge and poker. Unless John could wire her enough money immediately, some women to whom she'd lost were going to have her barred from some club or other, which would make a great scandal.

He didn't care whether his mother-in-law ever entered a club again, but a scandal concerning his wife's mother was not to be thought of.

He wired the money, and knew that there went his sister's wedding present and Ann's holiday.

To cap it all, because he couldn't tell Ann what had happened, she was behaving as if she detested him!

DAWN was lighting the eastern sky when he went back to bed, full of admirable resolutions not to lose his temper, no matter how childishly Ann behaved. He went through the next days hoping for the sound of her pretty laughter, or even for one of those swift smiles of hers which always told him that she loved him.

But Ann only treated him politely, reserving her smiles for the baby. There were moments when John badly wanted to slap his lovely wife. There were moments when he wanted to kiss her and say with laughter, "Stop behaving like an idiot, dearest!" But he indulged neither impulse, realising in a way, that however petty its beginning, this was a serious crisis in their marriage.

She must be able to trust his judgment, to believe he wanted her to have everything possible, or their future was built on sand.

On pretence of a slight cold, he continued to sleep in the guest-room, and his healthy heart began to feel heavy in his chest. If she

had never loved him—He couldn't bear to finish the thought.

Eventually a telegram was telephoned through announcing that Ann's mother would arrive on the following morning, the morning before Grace's wedding.

"I'll drive to town to meet her," John volunteered.

"Oh, John, I couldn't think of taking you away from a day's work," Ann told him. "Besides, the trip to town will make a little change for me. I can see all Grace's other presents."

His wife's musical voice could not have been sweeter. Nevertheless, this was one of the occasions on which John definitely desired to slap her.

Rising at dawn, he arranged his work so as to take several hours off to make a fuss over his mother-in-law's arrival, because she would expect it.

Returning to the house, he had time to get lunch started, in some vague effort to please Ann, before he heard the old car pounding over the hill. He even managed a delighted smile to greet his mother-in-law.

Clare Sanderlyn was talking fast about the journey, about how the baby had grown, about a new frock she'd just had time to buy to wear to "dear Grace's" wedding. John assumed she had changed the frock.

"Don't look so serious, John," she admonished when they were gathered for lunch. "I'm always telling you you'd be handsome with a less solemn expression. Ann doesn't look very gay, either. Have you two been quarrelling?"

"We never quarrel, Mother," Ann said, firmly but in the wrong tone. John tried to look his gratitude, but could not because Ann picked up Joanna, said, "Time for your nap," and left the room.

WHEN Ann came back, her mother instructed: "Open that second suitcase of mine, will you, John. I want to show you what I have for Grace's wedding present."

The suitcase was full of bundles wrapped in crumpled newspaper.

"Needs polishing," Mrs. Sanderlyn stated. "But Ann was always wonderful at polishing silver."

Ann was gazing at a tarnished, lovely silver teapot, with amazement on her face.

"It's a six-piece tea service, John dear, complete with tray," Mrs. Sanderlyn declared.

"It's too valuable—" John began. "Nonsense! I'm fond of dear Grace," Mrs. Sanderlyn paused to light a cigarette.

"Sit down, Ann," she commanded. "Don't look as if you'd never seen a tea-set before."

She went on cheerfully as one discoursing on pleasant weather. "I told dear John not to tell you, because, Ann, you are as appallingly solemn about money as your father used to be. You have no gambling instincts; therefore you'll miss a lot of fun in life. But difficulties, too, perhaps."

Ann's clear eyes stayed fixed on her mother's face.

"As I was saying," Mrs. Sanderlyn continued, "all well that ends well. I had a bad run of luck at cards, and John was kind enough to advance me quite a lot of money to settle up. Then I had the most wonderful luck at bridge. So the ten-set is interest on the money I owe John—besides being a present—"

Ann rose to her feet. The expression on her face actually stopped Mrs. Sanderlyn's flow of words.

Then John forgot Mrs. Sanderlyn. His wife was coming across the room to him with her arms outstretched. She was saying, "John, darling, how could I—"

"Never mind, dearest. It's all right. Don't cry, sweet," John said, and clasped his arms around her.

He felt he could put up with a platoon of mothers-in-law!

"Oh, John, can you forgive me for thinking—" Ann was murmuring.

But her mother had sharp ears. "Never ask a man to forgive you for anything, Ann," she admonished. "It makes him condescend. Young people! Emotions! Are you having any lunch in this house to-day? I'm hungry."

(Copyright)

## What's on your mind?

### Home seekers should form association

ALL house-hunters in Australia should form themselves into a league to try to bring about the solution of their great problem—the lack of homes.

I know that organisations such as the Legion of Ex-Servicemen and Women and the Returned Soldiers' League are devoting much energy to this problem and are achieving something. But there are others concerned besides the servicemen. A Housing League would have housing as its only interest. Membership would be open to everyone.

There is much that such a League could do. Industrial hold-ups and shortages could be investigated, and suggestions from the League could be put to the State Governments and Local Government bodies.

Labor and transport shortages could be alleviated by working-bees and voluntary transport pools. Members could report on land available for housing schemes. An organised boycott of blackmarket rents and house sales would alone justify the formation of such a League.

El to W. Nolan, 41 Stewart St., Devonport, Tas.

### Feathers don't fly

BRING the proprietor of a feather mills. I would like to reply to Helen Gould's letter (4/1/47). All good feather and down quilts are made of down-proof material, but in some cases where the outer material is not down or feather proof an inner case is always made of a material which will hold the filling.

Feather and down quilts should never be dry-cleaned, as this spoils the feather-proof material. They can be washed in warm water, and hung out to dry on a windy day, and this will keep them in proper condition—with no feathers to chase.

El to C. L. Boxer, Preston, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 12. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

### Shark shooting

WHEN I think of how many times during the summer I dash into the surf, only to be dragged out again by a shark alarm, I begin to wonder why we do not have patrol planes carrying a machine-gunner. When the sharks are spotted, and the signal given for "all bathers out," the plane could fly low, and the



gunner start firing. He'd be sure to kill some. Hand grenades might even be used.

It shouldn't be hard to get volunteers for this thrilling job, and how much more interesting it would be for those on shore!

El to Mrs. L. Baumann, Buckingham St., St. John's Wood, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

### Two are better

IT would be a good idea if shirts which have collars attached could be sold with an extra collar. Even when the collar is turned, it usually wears out long before the rest of the shirt. If it could be replaced with a matching collar it would mean a much longer life for the whole article.

El to Mrs. J. Martin, 112 Fitzroy St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

### Corneas for the living

I HAVE read of wonderful operations in which doctors give sight to the blind by transferring corneas from the dead to the living. There have been cases of people bequeathing their eyes after death to a unique eye-bank where they can be used when needed.

But because the demand far exceeds the supply of suitable corneas available, many blind people will miss their chance of seeing.

Therefore, why could not a simple law be passed, whereby a person's eyes could be removed at death. This may sound rather horrifying, but this practice is carried out in Russia, and personally I can think of no more glorious memorial. Sight could be passed on, and many long-suffering people would be happy, rejoicing in the sights and colors of the world round them.

El to Miss Elizabeth Coleman, 102 Ninth Ave., Maylands, W.A.

### Plastic sequins

COULDN'T we have plastic (or perhaps sequins)? Something that could go in the wash and could be used on day dresses as well as for evening wear.

Also, could they be colored?

El to Mrs. G. Santolin, P.O., El Arish, Qld.

### Middle-aged and jobless

SPEAKING from experience I agree with everything Miss Mockett said in her letter (25/1/47). The employment situation as regards middle-aged men is rapidly deteriorating.

During my hunt for an elusive job, I have met men of all ages, ranging from 30 to 60 years, and employers who have interviewed me say they are astonished at the number of men looking for work.

Miss Mockett closed her letter with the question, "What is to become of our men approaching middle-age?" Well, I would say to that, "Few seem to care!"

El to W. Neville, 8 Melrose St., Homebush, N.S.W.

### Gibbs-Kids' Korner



Marco is a trapeze artist in a big circus. He is brave and daring. Do you want to be like Marco when you grow up?



At the end of his act, the applause is like thunder.

He lives in a circus caravan and travels the country.



One day, he's going to marry lovely Paula, the horse-riding girl.

Look at his good white shirt. He wears it all the time.

WELL, I'D I WAS BORN IN A CIRCUS, I'D BE A TRAPEZE ARTIST. I'D BE A DARING, BRAVE, AND DARING. I'D BE A DARING, BRAVE, AND DARING. I'D BE A DARING, BRAVE, AND DARING.

MOTHER: Let this story teach your youngsters (teeth-care) Gibbs is the most economical dentifrice you can buy. No waste, no smell, taste, and only 1.3d. for a refill.

SCRATCHY CLEANSERS WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME! POTS ARE SO PRECIOUS NOW, YET I'M SCOURING AND SCRAPED EVERY DAY!

Clean Smoothly with VIM - NEVER SCRATCHES

HOORAY FOR VIM! I'M AN OLD-TIMER BUT VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED PARTICLES KEEP ME LIKE NEW.

The Australian Women's Weekly - February 22, 1947



# A TIP THAT PAID LONG ODDS



THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

W. 193.22



WAS talking to a certain glamorous radio actress t'other eve. She tells me the "Stage-Door Johnnies" are definitely up with the times. Seems one progressive play-boy sent her a simply divine box of sweet-smelling, short-stemmed pork chops.

Phew! A correspondent writes that washing-up takes her 20 minutes after every meal. At this rate married women must spend over 2 years of their lives dousing dishes. Isn't it time you girls turned to Rinso?

Announcer: "I'm not talkin'."

Those votes for the good old Australia's Amateur Hour keep pouring in—but latest returns have got us puzzled—some of 'em are marked 3, 2, 1—others marked 1, 2, 3!!!

Better start delving in grandma's bottom drawer for those whalebones! London's fashion big-names are putting waists in the pews. Appears that wasp-waists are being built into the latest models from London's ace designers. Take a deep breath, lady, and see how you like it!

Hollywood's joke of the week is built around Burt Lancaster—star-high male lead—after his hot part in Hemingway's "The Killers." Seems Burt dropped into Paramount Casting Office unannounced from the set of "Desert Town" to try and get a job for a pal. Burt told the receptionist he heard there were some bit parts not yet cast. "Sure," said the girl, "but you're not the type. Try again sometime!"

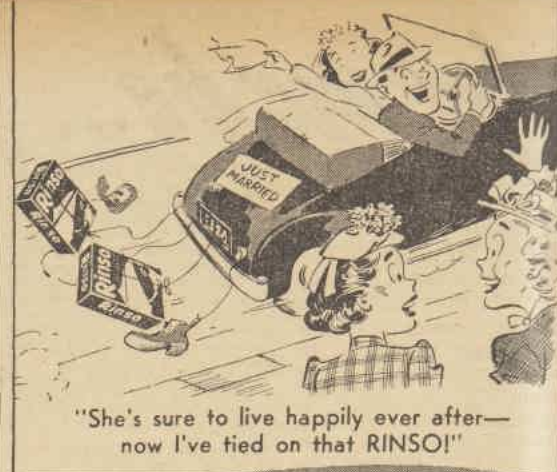
My brother—the one who breeds chickens—took my advice and bought an incubator to speed up production! He's had it a month now and is he mad? Would you believe it, but so far that incubator hasn't laid one egg.

BOY RAZOR-BLADE TO GIRL RAZOR-BLADE: "Honey you look just cute in that 'stropless' gown."

It's predicted that the keyhole neckline for daytime frocks will thrill the fashion-happy this season. A low oval or a shallow shoulder-baring line are top features for evening.

To "Just Wondering"... Glad you liked the photo. No, Rin Tin Tin is not my brother. But I can still raise a bark. Listen...

Woof



Never forget—  
**RINSO'S THICKER,  
RICHER SUDS**  
to SPEED the washing up



Z. 228.22



# Let me be...

By JOYCE BOWDEN

**J**UST let me be. It's not much to ask. Yet the one thing that human beings can't bear to do is to let their fellow creatures alone.

Spinsters seem to get more unwanted advice than matrons. Though maybe my married friends are beset by people telling them how to bring up their children. Possibly that's why they work off so many suggestions on me.

Round about holiday time I have a particularly bad session from my helpful friends.

"I can't think," they always say, "why, when you live overlooking a harbor, you want to spend your holidays at the seaside."

They follow this up with a piece about the sea air being enervating and the mountain air bracing. Everyone knows they add, that a change of air is beneficial.

This is one of those things that get repeated from generation to generation, and I don't know whether it has a basis in fact or not.

I don't care. I don't like mountains except to look at. For holiday purposes they entail too much going up and going down.

The surf provides, entertainment of itself. You need only stand still and the surf does the rest. In the mountains—from my point of view—there is no choice between fatigue and boredom.

And I'm sure any medical practitioner would agree, had he seen me after my fortnight's holiday inland two years ago, that whatever physical benefit I derived from the inland air was offset by my general misery after two weeks' sweating in a hotel among hordes of people vying with each other to be the life of the party.

On that point I stuck my toes in. From then on I've gone where I liked for holidays, which is the seaside. But are the advice-givers deterred? Never let it be said.

To sunbake or not to sunbake? I have a fair skin, and it tans moderately well. But I am not allowed to do this in peace. My holidays are preceded by interminable lectures on the right kind of lotions to use and remarks on how terrible white skin looks on a beach... and they're followed by cries of "What a pity" and bleach suggestions.

After a holiday comes another open go for the advice bureau.

Chortling "How well you look"—which, for a woman, always means you look fat—they lead the conversation on until you are forced to admit that you have put on six pounds.

"I must give you my diet," cries one school of thought, pressing repulsive leaflets on how to starve into your nerveless hands. "It's only a matter of will-power," they insist, knowing full well that their own ailments are due to neurotic over-exercising.

"On no account cut down your food," cry the others (who are always the fatter ones). "You'll get so haggard. And only really young people can risk that, can't they?"

Whatever course you choose, there is always a covey on hand of the thin or the fat, advising you to diet or not to diet—according to their own figures.

"You should" is the theme song of the advisers. You should go out more and mix with new people. You're too much in a rut, seeing the same sort of people all the time.

There's one answer to this: "I LIKE the people I see." There are also several handy sayings concerning devils you know, and frying-pans into fires.

If you are strong-minded you give one of these answers rather sharply. More likely you resemble me, and every now and then get a twinge that maybe people are right.

So, the next time some invitation that no sensible woman would touch with a barge pole turns up, off you go. Off you clatter to some society's horrid ball, perhaps, or a route march across the city to some far-distant suburb, to learn too late that philately or sword-dancing is not for you.



*"My holidays are preceded by interminable lectures on the right kind of lotions to use, remarks about how terrible white skin looks on a beach."*

And all you get for your trouble is a new set of helpful suggestions from some other old pals, who, noting the ringed eyes, the strained men, suggest that if you did less gadding you would no doubt feel the benefit in health.

Don't take me wrongly about all this. It isn't so much that I mind people giving me all this wonderful advice. What infuriates me is that at times I take it.

Sewing is a good example. I have some accomplishments—like cooking and knitting. Tired, perhaps, of complimenting me on these little matters, my friends pick on something I can't do.

Sewing, now. I CAN'T SEW. Yes, I know, any intelligent person can sew. You can buy such good patterns, and all you have to do is to

follow the pattern, and any dope can use a sewing-machine. Besides, look at the money you save if you make your own clothes.

Maybe they're right. I think weakly after one of these periodic assaults. Look at the dress I'm wearing, I'm told. No doubt it cost a pretty penny, whereas with three and a half yards at 7/11 a yard, well, I can see, can't I, how much I'd save.

I do see, and off I rush to the shops. I'd have a nice little hoard of savings now if I had the money for all the ruined models I have tried to run up.

Convinced that with a little aid I would be in the Hartnell class I've bought the material, cut it out, sewed half of it up, tried it on...

My dressmaker should have been

awarded the Purple Heart for some of these retrieved mistakes.

When all else fails there is always the ever thrilling topic of romance. "Why don't you get married?" ask the girls.

"I simply can't understand you, my dear," says D. over lunch. Well, she ought to know. She had a whirlwind romance, as they call it.

Whirlwind is right. It lasted ten months, before D. acquired her second husband. And now there's Joe, from South America. "Just fate," murmurs D. as she contemplates discarding the second. "I've always longed to live in Rio."

She has completely forgotten her original idea of my getting married. Which is just as well.

Well, I'm learning to cope with my advisers. No doubt everyone discovers it sooner or later.

When anyone says to me "You should..." I say "Yes, indeed." And I please myself.

Now we can all be happy.

## BACK

he barricaded himself behind his papers, while she sat low in her seat again, angry with herself.

You coward! she cried inwardly. Why didn't you go on? Why didn't you say, "Yes, he's in the Army, but the last time I heard from him he asked me to divorce him because he'd fallen in love with a girl who worked with him in New Guinea!"

Hadn't she sworn to make other women pay for her own misery? These men, the men who fought, were so vulnerable in their moments of relaxation. Easy game.

Until now she had never cared to take advantage of any of the opportunities that came her way, but this man was different. Yet, she had snubbed him. Run away like a frightened schoolgirl. Why? In heaven's name, why?

He was married. Of course he

was, but what did that matter? Had it mattered to the girl in New Guinea who had let Tom fall in love with her?

Her eyelids stung. The road was even worse than she remembered. By the time they reached Headquarters in the evening, her arms and back ached intolerably, and her anger with herself was swallowed in weariness and depression. All the afternoon he had not spoken a word. It was obvious that he was not going to give her another chance.

When at last she stopped the car and held open the door for him, he climbed out stiffly, and looked at her in his kind, impersonal way.

"Good work, Sergeant. Good-night." He saluted, and walked away.

"You fool," she said to herself,

but she was too tired to feel angry any more, and as soon as she had put the car away, she fell into bed.

She slept late next morning. It was her day off, and when she got up she decided to go into town to lunch. Defiantly, she went to a cafe where she and Tom had often gone together in the old days. There were no empty tables, so she sat down opposite a one-armed soldier who was reading the paper.

As she took off her gloves, he lowered the paper, and it was Tom.

He said nothing at all, just looked at her, and she, forgetting everything else, could only say, "Oh, Tom—your arm!"

Tears streamed from her eyes, and then Tom was holding her hand as though he would never let it go, and

saying, "Red—Red, darling, don't cry."

Later, he told her—on a seat in the park—how it was only when he woke up in hospital, after the show, that he realised what a fool he'd been to think for a moment that he loved anyone but her. They had wanted to write to her, but he wouldn't let them because he was afraid she'd take him back out of pity.

When he came out of hospital he had gone again and again to their old haunts, hoping to see her, because he knew that if he could see her face in the first moment of meeting him, he would know whether there was any hope for him; or it was all over.

As for the other girl, he had been mad.

Continued from page 7

"She was a nice little thing, but she didn't even speak our language, Red, or think in the same way as we do. Oh, Red, if I could explain to you, it's just that, in the middle of all that agony a man feels such a hunger for—gentleness and beauty. It's like putting out your hands to a fire—"

"I know," she said gently. "Don't talk about it any more."

"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." A girl with a husky voice was singing the words. Then the dance was over. When they went back to their table, a waiter brought her a note.

"He wants us to go over there," she said, reading it. "Come on. I want you to meet him."

"Who—" he was beginning, but she had already darted away, and he had to follow her.

The thin, dark man was standing up to greet them.

"Hello, Sergeant," he said. "I want my wife to meet the best driver in the Australian Army. Alice, this is Mrs. Sheridan."

"Oh dear," said the little woman in blue. "I'd never have had a moment's peace if I'd known you looked like this. He only told me what a good driver you were." But she smiled up at them very sweetly, and the girl with red hair smiled back, glad that she could return that look with candid, untroubled eyes.

Then reaching out behind her for Tom's hand, she said proudly and a little shyly, "And this is my husband."

(Copyright)



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By Wep





CLARK GABLE with film star Ella Raines at a Hollywood film premiere. Gable's name has been linked romantically with several Hollywood beauties, as he is one of the film colony's most eligible men, but he appears content to remain a widower.

# High place in popularity for Clark Gable

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

In spite of the single film appearance he has made since 1942, Clark Gable is still high on the list of favorite screen stars. In a recent popularity poll he was eleventh.

He was stuck in a telephone booth when I visited him on the set of Metro's forthcoming film "The Hucksters."

Carpenters were prying off the door of the booth, which had jammed.

When freed, Gable led the way to his dressing-room where, seated in a red leather-upholstered chair, under the room's only picture, which is a caricature of Clark emphasizing his ears and eyes, I listened to him tell anecdotes about his new film.

"I guess I am the most kissed guy in Hollywood," Gable smiled.

"It reminds me of the old days, of torrid love scenes with Garbo and Crawford.

"In the three scenes that have been done so far, each opened with me kissing somebody, first Ava Gardner, then Deborah Kerr, then Connie Gilchrist.

"Incidentally, Director Jack Conway and Adolphe Menjou, also in the film, were the instigators of my start at Metro seventeen years ago.

"Then I played a bit part of a laundryman, under Conway's direction.

"Menjou was the star."

Clark says the studio is already running into problems depicting him as an advertising sales manager in "The Hucksters."

The script calls for Gable to wear a \$500 tie in order to impress his future boss.

As the stars supply their own wardrobe, Clark was asked to produce suitable neckwear.

The idea of owning an expensive tie caused Clark to snort indignantly. "I never paid more than two dollars for a tie in my life," he scoffed.

So the studio sent a wardrobe man scurrying over to Los Angeles to find a suitable hand-painted job.

"The best they could find cost 35 dollars," grinned Clark, "but I hope the audiences think it will suffice."

Gable gets a chance to compete with Adolphe Menjou as the best-dressed man in this saga of soap-selling via radio.

This is the first film in which Clark has had the chance to show off his fine physique in good-looking sports clothes and evening clothes since he returned from the Army.

His first film after his war service was "Adventure," in which Clark played a merchant mariner and wore old clothes throughout.

Gable still lives alone on the ranch home he built for Carole Lombard. He has an elderly housekeeper who has been with him for five years.

Clark makes one picture yearly, and then spends the remainder of the time out of doors, fishing, hunting, and golfing.

With Robert Taylor and Walter Pidgeon, Clark is a member of the Pintail Duck Club of America. Membership of this original and exclusive club is limited to film stars who wish to become adept duck shooters.

He is considering buying a property in Oregon, where he can go between pictures for a fishing trip.

No girl in Hollywood has yet been able to take a place in Gable's heart. He is strictly a man's man, though on occasion he will take a pretty girl to a party.

For a time Hollywood thought he might wed Anita Colby, but his romance with the cover girl seems to have faded out.

His closest friends are Robert Montgomery and David Niven.

When Deborah Kerr arrived in Hollywood for tests for the leading feminine role in "The Hucksters," both she and Clark admitted they were very nervous about playing opposite each other.

Clark grinned and said he was afraid of playing opposite an English woman, and Deborah confessed that her knees were shaking at the prospect of playing opposite the famous Gable.

She and Clark had not met before, though Deborah's husband, Tim Bartley, had flown with Clark during the war when they were both stationed in England.

In his contract with MGM, Clark is allowed four months' leave between his films, and he is planning to go to England for a trip when "The Hucksters" is completed. He lost twenty pounds in weight before he began the film.

## Film Reviews

### ★★★ LADY IN THE LAKE

A NEW technique of subjective camera work makes this MGM thriller a stimulating experience.

Directed by the star Robert Montgomery, and adapted from one of the well-known Raymond Chandler detective yarns, the film rises well above the usual run of mysteries.

Montgomery is first seen as the private detective, Phillip Marlow, telling the story from behind his office desk, but from then on the camera takes over, showing every scene as it would be seen from Marlow's own eyes.

The only time he is photographed in full face is when he looks into a mirror. It is fascinating to watch how deftly the director-star and the cameraman, Paul Vogel, have handled this innovation in American films, and kept the pace going at top speed.

Audrey Totter is the co-star, and justifies her rise from feature player to sharing top billing. Her acting as the mystery girl is even better than her very good looks. Lloyd Nolan stands out in a police detective role.—Liberty; showing.

### ★★★★ JOHNNY FRENCHMAN

FRANÇOISE ROSAY is France's gift to films. She is neither young nor beautiful, but she turns in a performance in this first-class British film from Ealing Studios which is remarkable.

As the dominating tough skipper of a French fishing boat which impudently poaches on the preserves of the British, and causes harbor-master Tom Walls to be in a constant state of fury, Miss Rosay is terrific.

The story exposes the petty jealousy of fishermen from Cornwall for fishermen from Devon, while both are joined in hatred of the French poachers.

Apart from Miss Rosay and Tom Walls there is newcomer Paul Dupuis, who also will make film fans sit up and take notice. Patricia Roc is the feminine lead, and a number of untrained real fishermen

and villagers give splendid assistance to the professional actors.

The film is unique in many ways and unusually fascinating.—Capitol; showing.

### ★★★ THE YEARS BETWEEN

BECAUSE of its delay in release, the theme of this English film has become rather dated. It deals with the troubles of a couple who are reunited after the war and find changes in each other.

Produced by Sydney Box, it stars Michael Redgrave, Valerie Hobson, and Flora Robson, but it is pretty dull and gives Redgrave the poorest part he has had in recent years. Miss Hobson is better treated.

After his reported death in action Redgrave's wife (Valerie Hobson) starts a political career of her own, and also a plan for a second marriage with a neighboring farmer (James McKechnie).

Redgrave turns up, but the years of their separation have estranged them, and only the acid comment of their old Nanny (perfectly played by Flora Robson) brings the two together again. Both have political success as well.—Mayfair; showing.

### ★★★ BELLS OF ROSARITA

FOR good measure in this film, starring Roy Rogers, Republic have thrown in half a dozen more Western actors, including Bill Elliott, Allan Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingston, Sunset Carson, and, of course, the famous Trigger.

Roy plays himself as a film star who is making a picture on the ranch owned by Dale Evans. With him is Bob Nolan, and they find that a plot is being hatched to deprive Miss Evans of the circus she has inherited from her father. The film stars, plus a lot of other people, then clean up the trouble, headed by Grant Withers. There are songs and guns and cross-country gallops in large quantities, as well as good interior settings. Rogers fans will love it.—Capitol; showing.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars — below average.

### ★ WANTED FOR MURDER

THOUGH English actor Roland Culver is featured and not starred in most of his films, he has a happy knack of collecting the acting honors. (Fans never will forget him in that comedy classic "French Without Tears.")

In this murder yarn, starring Eric Portman, it is Culver in the role of a believable Scotland Yard inspector, who makes the audience wait for his scenes with interest.

Released by Fox, the film is of average interest, though the feminine star, Dulcie Gray, has a thankless task with a silly part.

Good old Stanley Holloway lends his fruity presence and voice to strengthen things, and production is good.—Empire; showing.

### ★ THREE STRANGERS

THIS is a grim little number from Warners, with greed as the main motif. Stars Geraldine Fitzgerald, Sydney Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre are strangers, but hold equal shares in a winning lottery ticket. Greenstreet is the attorney who needs money to replace funds he has stolen, and Lorre is a wandering drunk who sees Greenstreet commit murder, when the winning trio meet.

Entertainment value of the film depends more on the work of the cast than on the story, which is curiously jerky.—Plaza; showing.

PLUMP film czar Sydney Box is in a nursing home. His Press agent reported that it is nothing serious, and a rival producer wisecracked that Box is reducing Jean Kent probably struck the right reason: "The poor man probably went to hospital to get some peace and quiet and do some work which he couldn't get done in a film office," she said.

## Orphans' home is gift of Gracie Fields

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

GRACIE FIELDS has saved £40,000 toward endowing a home at Peacehaven, in Sussex, for orphan children.

She needs another fifteen thousand to "make it safe long after I'm gone," and this is the main reason why she won't yet retire to her villa in Capri.

A BRITISH film with a British setting in Italian Renaissance buildings, with French technicians and a Russian art director, is "Corridor of Mirrors," starring Eric Portman.

The picture is being made in France, as British studios are overcrowded and French studios charge less, anyhow.

LAUREL and Hardy, who are arriving soon in England for a holiday, will put on a special twenty-minute vaudeville turn on the West End stage in response to the clamor of the British fans.



SUSAN HAYWARD has every reason to look pleased when Universal's dress designer Travis Banton helps her plan a wardrobe of 44 frocks for her newest film, "A Woman Destroyed."

RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH's wife, Sheila Sim, is acting with him in their first film together, called "Dancing With Crime."

At the studios I saw her dancing in scanty chorus-girl attire, a cut satin slipper on her right foot and a heavy, clumsy carpet slipper on her left.

For Sheila had a poisoned foot, but the cameramen went on shooting, adjusting angles so that Sheila's left foot never appears in the picture.

LAURENCE OLIVIER's greatest concern, eclipsing the problems of putting on a West End play or the production of his new film, "Hamlet," is the health of his wife, Vivien Leigh.

Vivien is emerging from a long convalescence after chest-trouble illness. This week they left for a six weeks' vacation in South Italy, and Larry said, "I'm happy to say that Vivien is feeling fine again, and our holiday should complete her recovery."

### FOLLOWING the Czechoslovak

Film Festival at Prague and the International Film Festival at Cannes, on the Riviera, Britain is staging her own film festival this month in Leicester Square's streamlined Odeon Cinema, the most luxurious showplace of Arthur Rank's great theatre combine.

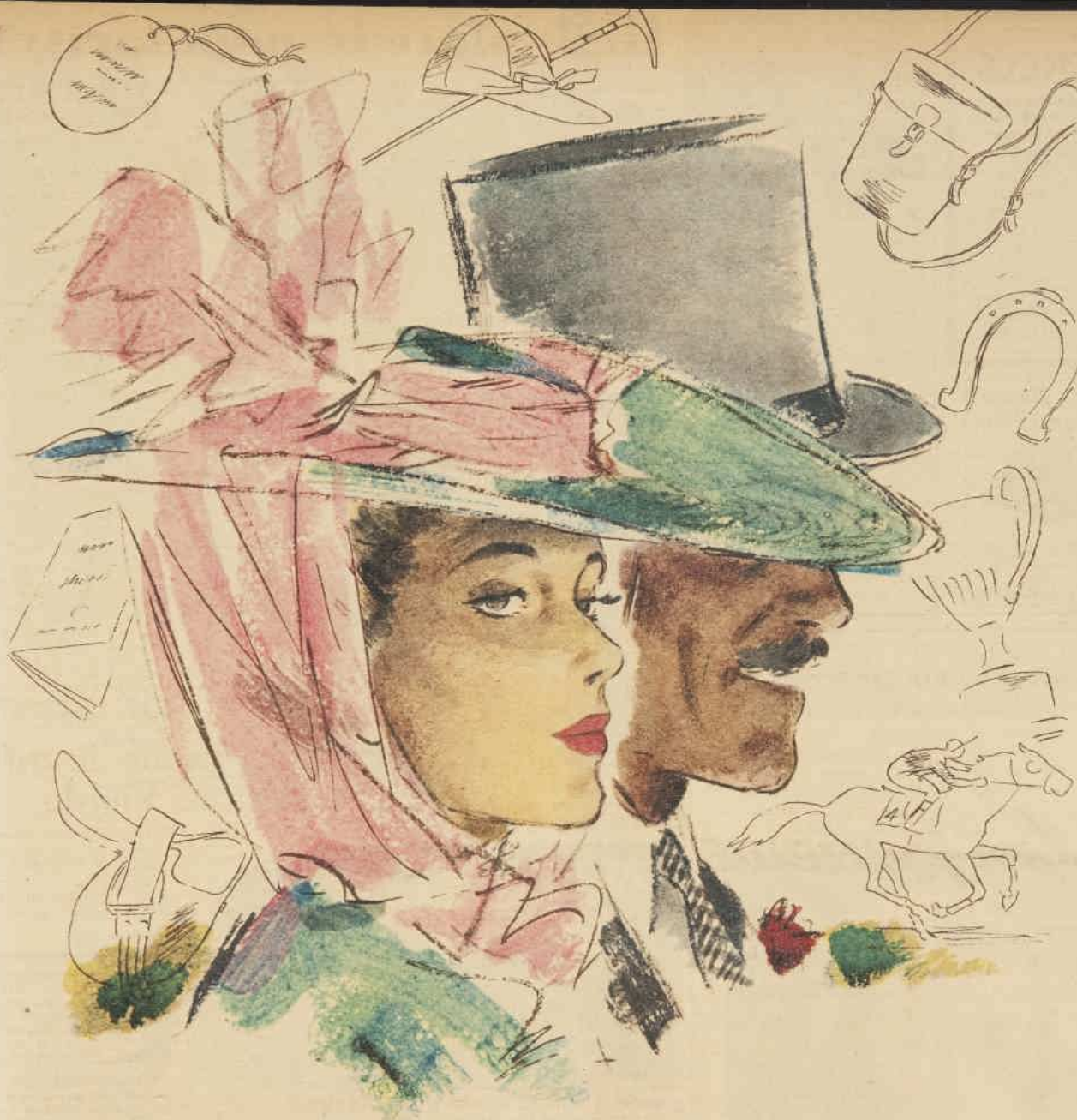
### ★ INDULGING in one of those

tangled big-business battles with visiting American films chiefs, British producer Sir Alexander Korda was told if Britain started buying fewer Hollywood films America might have to retaliate in buying less Scotch whisky. Sir Alex was delighted. "If you do that," he said, "you would earn the undying gratitude of the British nation, as they can't get any for themselves."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 109-111 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 22, 1947





## Clever girl . . . . .

You're stealing the scene with that perfectly-chosen hat the exquisite smoothness of your skin and the out-of-this-world naturalness of your Yardley make-up. Small wonder that you have such an air of confidence that fate has chosen you to lead the winner!

"Bond Street"  
Complexion Powder . . . 4/4  
Yardley Lipstick . . . 5/8  
Refills . . . 3/5  
Night Cream . . . 6/4

**Yardley**  
of London



Y.10



## Remove FRECKLES

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY BY NEW HOME METHOD

Wouldn't you love to have a complexion soft, rosy, clear, and velvety, the envy of your friends? I have a secret for all girls and women that have me such a skin and will do the same for you. It is something different that does not consist of Creams, Lotions, Soaps, Masks, etc. There is no diet, no fasting, nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

**FREE:** Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth young skin, as do the thankful thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, enclosing stamp for postage on complete details.

ALMA B. CHALMERS,  
Somerset House, Martin Place, Sydney

Eat & Drink what you like



**SWEET-N**  
Breath Tablets

## Miss Cynthia McAdoo

A New York Society favourite, Miss Cynthia McAdoo is young and outstandingly beautiful, with a radiantly fair complexion which she safeguards with Pond's. "It's my favourite beauty treatment," she says. Among the many other famous Pond's beauties are the Countess of Carnarvon, Mrs. Anthony J. Drexell III, Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle, Mrs. Henry C. Mellon, Jr.



### Such a simple and effective beauty care

You'll find that it is only a matter of minutes to keep your skin at its loveliest—with Pond's. Night and morning, and for daytime freshen-ups, too, smooth rich, satiny Pond's Cold Cream over your face and throat. Pat it on with a light upward movement of the fingertips, leave it on a few minutes to release dust

and stale make-up—then wipe it off and notice how clean and refreshed your skin feels.

Always before you make-up, pat on a transparent film of deliciously fragrant, gossamer-light Pond's Vanishing Cream. It softens your skin for powder, holds make-up fresh and attractive for hours.

★

Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing. Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener, at all chemists, chain and departmental stores in attractive jars for your dressing table and convenient handbag-size tubes.



**1 REHEARSAL** in theatre of musical show about ancient Greece has as leading dance stars Gloria (Adele Jergens) and Eddie (Mare Platt).



**2 IN CELESTIAL ABODE**, Grecian goddess Terpsichore (Rita Hayworth) begs permission from Head (Roland Culver) to accompany messenger (Ed. Horton) to earth to destroy theatre company, as she thinks play is a vulgar burlesque.



**3 ARRIVING ON EARTH** goddess goes to theatre under name of Kitty. After quarrel with Gloria, who resigns, Kitty takes her place and changes dances to classic instead of swing, though opposed by romantic lead Danny (Larry Parks).



**4 SHOW IS FAILURE**, because of lack of swing, and Danny gambles heavily to raise money to meet costly production.



**5 NEW VERSION** of play is big success when Kitty agrees to appear in swing numbers because of love for Danny.

## Down to Earth

### TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL IS FANTASY

SEVERAL years ago Columbia produced a film called "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," which was a fantasy based on the story of a being who transported people from heaven to earth.

English actor Roland Culver is the "Mr. Jordan" of this new technicolor musical starring Rita Hayworth and Larry Parks, and he arranges for the passage from celestial Mount Parnassus to Broadway of Terpsichore, Goddess of Ancient Greece, who becomes a New York song and dance star.

She falls in love with handsome actor, but has to return to heaven as goddess.



**6 MISSION COMPLETED**, Kitty is recalled as Terpsichore to heaven by Head and returns to sister Muses forever. A new dancer takes her place.



THE  
**Gossard**  
LINE OF BEAUTY

Wherever posture is prized by fashionable women, the name Gossard is known. It stands for figure-flattering beauty, comfort and correct support. Supplies of Miss-Simplicity and other famous Gossard creations are gradually improving. Keep asking at your store.

**ROCO**  
5% D.D.T.

**KILLS SILVERFISH**  
All silverfish with ROCO 1% DDT spray directly on surface when they and insects settle. Roco won't stain—in pleasant to use and keeps on killing for weeks.

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS - 20 OZ. BOTTLE **2/11**

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 2/ & 1/3.





# TELESCOPING TIME

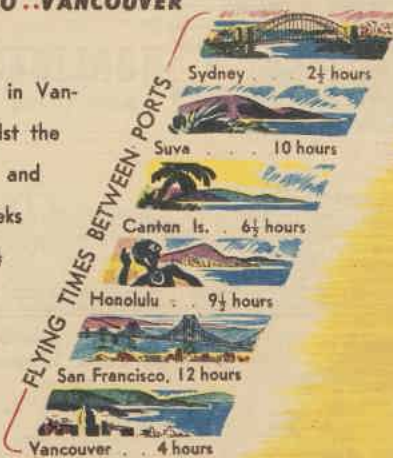


## ANA TRANS-PACIFIC AIR SERVICE

MELBOURNE.. SYDNEY.. SUVA.. CANTON Is.. HONOLULU.. SAN FRANCISCO.. VANCOUVER

Imagine it . . . you can be in Melbourne to-day, and four days later in Vancouver, Canada. And in that time you would have enjoyed a full day midst the tropic splendours of Suva, and a day-and-a-half of the beauties, entertainments and luxuries of Honolulu. A.N.A. has telescoped two-and-a-half weeks of slow surface travel to a short, swift air-borne trip occupying only 44½ hours actual flying time. Australia is no longer a land apart but, thanks to A.N.A., an integral unit of this world of progress to which we now belong.

Passages are now available and your nearest A.N.A. Booking Office will be glad to supply you with full details of this new and vital link with America and Canada.



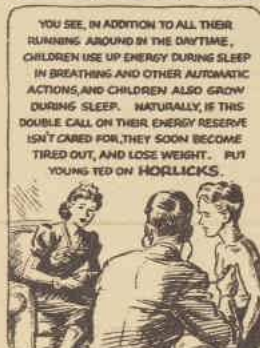
WING YOUR WAY WITH







## Ashamed OF MY OWN SON!



### Are YOU a worried Mother?

Change that fretful frown, that worrying thinness and paleness into healthy vitality—with Horlicks. While children sleep Horlicks replaces that lost energy. They wake up really refreshed, because Horlicks is a complete food drink which provides the essential food elements in the correct balance. Rich in calcium, contains up to 15% of protein, and the natural sugars provide extra energy almost at once. Start your youngster on Horlicks right away and you won't know him in a few weeks' time.

**HORLICKS**  
Builds Vitality



### Murder First Class

by LEONARD GRINDLE.  
The discovery of a man—very much dead—in a railway carriage, sets the pace for a thriller that will bring up your blood pressure.  
AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSAGENTS.  
BOX 4022, G.P.O., SYDNEY



### So She Sent Flowers

by ALASTAIR SCOTT.  
If you like 'em tough, you'll like Potato Faced McGinn and his hard boiled mates. This is the murder book that people are talking about. Well written, well produced.



**THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD**



WE CALL it Margot's cherry cake... the luscious creamy filling has a new and intriguing flavor... you'll like it in this cake—or any other.

## CAKES OF THE YEAR

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

**GOLDEN-BROWN** cakes... soft, moist, luscious, and fresh from the oven... a sight guaranteed to give any homemaker a thrill of satisfaction and pride.

Home-made cake never loses its popularity—even though restricted supplies of butter and sugar may have made its appearance less frequent than of old.

Of course, we know butter is the best shortening for any cake—but it's not absolutely essential.

Margarine or good clarified fat (preferably beef fat) may be used to replace all or half of the butter in a recipe, provided grated orange or lemon rind is added when creaming the shortening with the sugar.

Similarly, honey or syrup may replace half the sugar—provided the amount of liquid is reduced by one-quarter and the cake cooked at a slightly lower temperature.

Cakes made from the recipes on this page have good keeping properties, are rich in flavor, and not unduly expensive to make.

### MARGOT'S CHERRY CAKE

(A "special-occasion" cake with a rich, unusual filling.)

**Cake:** Four ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, 4oz. chopped cherries, 8oz. flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, 1 level dessertspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 1 extra dessertspoon milk.

**Tutti Frutti Filling:** One dessertspoon butter, 1 cup cream cheese, 1½ cups icing sugar, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 cup chopped cherries, 1 dessertspoon sherry.

**Cake:** Cream butter, sugar, orange rind and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Add cherries. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; fold into mixture alternately with milk. Divide into two well-greased 7in. tins, leaving about 3 tablespoons mixture in basin. Blend cocoa with coffee essence and extra dessertspoon milk; fold into balance of cake mixture in basin. Add by spoonfuls to cake in tins, cutting in with a knife to give a marbled effect. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, sandwich with tutti frutti filling.

**Filling:** Cream butter with half the icing sugar. Beat balance of icing sugar into cream cheese. Combine both mixtures, adding nuts, cherries, and sherry; mix well, and spread between layers of cake.

### FUDGE LAYER CAKE

(Easy and economical—delicious in flavor.)

**One cup** castor sugar, 2oz. butter or margarine, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda dissolved in 1 cup sour milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup boiling water.

**Cream** butter, sugar, and vanilla. Add beaten egg and salt. Fold in soda dissolved in milk. Blend cocoa with the hot water, add to the mixture alternately with the sifted flour. Turn into well-greased 7in. sandwich-tins and bake in a moderate

oven (375deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. When cold, sandwich with whipped cream or mock cream. May be iced if liked with lemon or peppermint flavored icing and sprinkled with chopped nuts.

### TANGY ORANGE CAKE

(Refreshing flavor for hot, summer days.)

**Four ounces** margarine or butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons marmalade, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg, 5 tablespoons milk.

**Cream** shortening and sugar with orange rind. Add egg-yolks, beating well. Stir in marmalade and orange juice. Sift flour, salt, and nutmeg, add to mixture alternately with milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in well-greased 7in. square or round tin in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1 to 1½ hours.

### MOCHA BUTTER SPONGE

(Keeps well—best if left one day before cutting.)

**Quarter-pound** margarine or butter, 1lb. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1 dessertspoon cocoa.

**Cream** margarine or butter with sugar. Add beaten eggs gradually, then sifted flour and salt. Lastly fold in cocoa and coffee essence mixed with boiling water. Turn into greased 7in. sandwich-tins or 1 greased loaf-tin. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) 20 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand a few minutes before removing from tin. When cold may be topped with coffee or chocolate flavored icing and sprinkled with chopped walnuts.



**GLO-RUB**  
FOR HEAD & CHEST COLDS

## FLY-TOX

Containing  
**DDT**  
AND  
**PYRETHRUM**  
KILLS ALL INSECTS





LEFT: Tomato cups filled with curried prawns combined with macaroni and delicately flavored with chutney are ideal fare for luncheon or dinner. See recipe below.

## Prize recipes from readers

### TRY THEM!

● Recipes with a new twist, different and flavoursome, win prizes in this week's readers' own recipe contest.

**YOU** all have your favorite basic recipes. Here are other readers' ideas for varying the family's most popular dishes. They'll be coming back for more when you try out these suggestions.

**CREAMY SYRUP MOULD** Creamy syrup mould richly flavored with golden syrup and lemon rind will appeal to the children—it's lovely served with icy-cold stewed fruit—so easy and economical, too.

**BANANA CRUMB TART** is just the thing to use up left-over cake—the crumbs make the banana filling go further, too. Try it with a topping of ice-cream.

#### CURRIED TOMATO CUPS

Six medium-sized tomatoes, 1 cup stock or gravy, 2 tablespoons cooked macaroni, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon chutney, pepper and salt, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, prawns, squeeze lemon juice.

Remove a slice from flower end of each tomato. Scoop out pulp, leaving tomato shell. Place pulp in saucepan with stock. Add macaroni, chutney, curry powder, breadcrumbs, lemon juice, pepper and salt. Simmer a few minutes till slightly thickened. Lastly add shelled prawns. Pile into tomato cases. Place on greased slide in moderate oven (375deg. F.) from 8 to 10 minutes until tomatoes are tender. Serve piping hot garnished with thin bread rolls and whole prawns.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Mitchell, Ashby St., Fairfield S.3, Brisbane.

#### ORANGE UPSIDE-DOWN MUFFINS

One cup bran, 11 cups milk, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, pinch salt.

11 teaspoons baking powder, orange quarters, cherries.

Pour milk over bran. Allow to stand 5 minutes. Cream shortening and sugar well. Add orange rind. Add egg, beating well, then stir in bran soaked in milk. Lastly add sifted flour, salt, and baking powder. Stir lightly till well mixed. Place one orange quarter and a cherry in bottom of well-greased patty tins. Fill three-quarters full with cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out and serve fruit side up. If liked, muffins may be cooked plain, and when cold, split and an orange section brushed with honey and a cherry inserted, as shown in picture above.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Howe, 21 Prince St., Alberton, S.A.

#### CREAMY SYRUP MOULD

One tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon cold water, 1 pint hot milk, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 tablespoon gelatine soaked in 1 cup hot water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, whites of 2 eggs.

Blend cornflour with cold water. Add to hot milk, stirring well. Bring to boil and cook 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from heat. Add golden syrup, soaked gelatine, and lemon rind. Place aside to cool. When cold, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into wetted moulds and chill until set. Serve with cold stewed fruit.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to D. May, Flat 4, 10 Cameron St., West End, Brisbane.

#### CREAMY DATE ROLL-UPS

Four ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 egg, good 1 cup milk, 4oz. dates, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup thick custard, castor sugar, lemon for garnishing.

**GOOD**, wholesome mixture containing bran. These muffins look attractive split and wedged with a section of orange brushed with honey, and a cherry.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar. Beat egg well, add milk. Make a well in centre of dry ingredients; add liquid, mixing well to make a thin batter. Place a small amount of batter into a hot, well-greased pan, allowing mixture to run to edges of pan. Cook on both sides. Soften dates with lemon juice and rind over low heat 2 or 3 minutes. Add custard, mixing well. Spread filling on to hot pancakes, roll up, dust with castor and drench with lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Spiers, Phipp St., Bicton, W.A.

#### BANANA CRUMB TART

**Pastry:** Six ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. shortening, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, squeeze lemon juice, about 2 tablespoons water, apricot jam.

**Filling:** Four or 5 bananas, 2 tablespoons sugar, lemon rind and 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 cup cake crumbs, 1 egg-yolk.

**Pastry:** Sift flour and salt. Rub in shortening. Add sugar. Beat egg-yolk, lemon juice, and water together. Add to dry ingredients, making into stiff dough. Roll thinly and line tin, tart plate. Spread thinly with apricot jam.

**Filling:** Mash bananas and beat with sugar, lemon juice, and rind. Add nutmeg and beaten egg-yolk. Fold in cake crumbs. Fill into pastry case. Decorate with strips of pastry and bake in hot oven (400deg. F.), 20 to 25 minutes. Egg-whites may be used for meringue to decorate top of tart.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Wilkins, 21 Odessa St., St. Kilda, Vic.

# Choose Rosella FOOD PRODUCTS

and delight your family with their flavour and excellence.



Over 100 varieties all

**GOOD FOOD** FOR Healthy Appetites

## THE SALESWOMAN SAID

"Er—yes, madam—that hat looks lovely!"



## BUT SHE MEANT

For heaven's sake! Her blotchy skin would spoil a Paris model!

Get rid of unattractive skin faults by using



**REXONA MEDICATED SOAP**



REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Borneol Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.



X 54 26

Page 37

## The Spotlight's on White!



**Shu-Milk** The perfect brilliant white cleanser  
SOLD AT ALL STORES  
WONT RUB OFF  
STEP OUT WITH SHU-MILK—TODAY

## MOTHER!

Give your boys and girls the wholesome, health-giving nourishment of

**Savoy NUTRIFOODS**

Macaroni, Spaghetti and others—made from the best part of finest Australian wheat. High in food value, low in cost.

Savoy Nutrifooods Pty. Ltd., 20 George St., Leichhardt, N.S.W. LM 5602.

10.6



Attracting a man is a cinch

# IF YOU'VE GOT THAT **PERSIL** **DAZZLE**



## Peg's still a'courting

but she's wise to that marry-me look in Tom's eyes. The gay Persil dazzle of her frocks and little coats and things puts that fella in a whirl! When she hangs out her dazzling whites and coloureds on her line, even ma-in-law will be speechless! And that'll be nothing short of a miracle!



## Mum's well married

but does she know her man? Next best to apple pie, Pop goes for Persil dazzle. No more "rainy-day grey" in his white shirts, shorts and singlets! Persil gives the whitest wash because its oxygen-charged suds get out the dirt—not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL of it!



## Gran's a hit with Georgie!

That dazzling-white apron gives her real "Persilality!" And jeeppers, what a job of work Persil does on George's grubby play-clothes . . . shifts small-boy grime in a jiffy! No wonder everyone's switching to the Persil dazzle. It's headline news for housewives!

# YOU TOO CAN HAVE THAT **PERSIL** **DAZZLE!**







DANISH hand-blocked wallpaper is enjoying wide popularity in America. Nurseries are being decorated with the gay jungle-patterned paper; walls of rumpus-rooms are carrying the other design shown above, with tuning-forks, G-clefs, laurel leaves, and musical instruments strewn over the paper in careless abandon.

## Healthily ready for school . . .

By MEDICO

**D**OCTOR, can you help me with Bruce? He and his cousin Barry both started school this year, but Barry is getting on so much better than Bruce. I can't understand it, because when they used to play together as little boys, Bruce was always quicker and more intelligent.

"Bring Bruce to see me, Mrs. James. If I'd known you were starting him at school this year I'd have asked you to bring him along before."

"But why, doctor? He seems perfectly healthy."

"Going to school is a very important turning-point in a child's life. He'll meet many other boys and girls of his own age. He'll have his first experiences of living together with many others."

"I know. I do hope he'll be all right."

"Of course he will. But a child starting school should see his dentist, have his eyes and ears tested, and his tonsils and adenoids examined by a doctor. Many children start school with a handicap of a defect which could have been avoided—such defects as enlarged tonsils, adenoids, decayed teeth, defective vision, speech, or hearing."

"Sometimes, if a child cannot do his sums, he may not realise that it is because he cannot clearly see the figures on the blackboard. If his parents and teachers also fail to realise it, permanent harm may be done."

"I did take him to a dentist, because he had a tooth-ache, and there are at least two diseases I know he won't get now he's among other children—diphtheria and Whooping-cough. I had him immunised."

"Good. Take care that he gets the nourishing food he needs. He should have 1½ pints of milk a day, oatmeal or wheatmeal porridge for breakfast, and cheese, fresh fruit, and salad vegetables every day. The meat ration is adequate provided he gets all the milk he needs. The less he eats of sugar and sweets, of starchy foods and cake the better."

"But Bruce is such an active little chap. I give him sweet foods to make up for the energy he uses in running round," protested Mrs. James.

"A child of five needs only half the fuel food of the active woman, and only a third of the needs of the active man. But what he does need for healthy growth are the body-building foods—milk, meat, cheese, egg, and oatmeal."

"A child's main job in life is to grow. He needs all the appetite his activity gives him to obtain the building materials from the food he eats. Sweet foods rob his appetite for these building foods. Sugar has no building value, and it destroys the appetite for the foods that have."

"How much sleep should he have at his age?" asked Mrs. James.

"Twelve hours seem to meet the needs of the five-year-old. That means he will be going to bed about seven-thirty. If he can have some of his twelve hours in the daytime so much the better. Even ten minutes' rest on his back during the day will help his posture."

"I think I know now why Barry is getting on better than Bruce," added Mrs. James. "I thought Barry's mother was over-fussy, but I can see that she was doing the right things for him."

## Make good use of fruits in season

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

**F**RESH fruit and fruit juices should always take a very important place in the dietary of every infant, growing child, and adult.

There is a tendency on the part of some mothers not to make full use of fruits in season for their babies and toddlers.

It is quite often found that when oranges are unobtainable, no other fresh fruit or vegetable juice is used as a substitute.

At this time of the year more variety of fruits can be introduced in the daily menu. Jellies can be made from fresh fruit juices, and fruits can be used for fruit salads or can be cut into small pieces and set in jelly. Fruit flummery is a delectable and wholesome sweet for a toddler, and apples can be used in various ways.

Some important points: Use only fresh, sound, ripe fruit, wash carefully, remove stones and seeds for young children, and give only a very little at first of any new fruit.

A leaflet giving the vitamin and mineral content of various fruits can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded with the request.



It's thrilling THE WAY  
LUX TOILET SOAP  
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS  
LEAVE SKIN SOFTER,  
SMOOTHER!

Actual Statement  
by

**June Haver**

20th CENTURY FOX STAR  
in Technicolor musical,  
"LITTLE GIRLS  
IN BLUE"

Tests show  
3 out of 4 complexions  
improved in a short time  
with Lux Toilet Soap

Try Hollywood's own complexion care—active-lather facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Pat the rich creamy lather gently into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat with soft towel to dry. Your skin will feel softer, smoother. Take a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, too, and see your skin grow lovelier all over!



The Bath  
and Complexion Cure  
of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

L.T. 192.26

## INDIGESTION GONE

. . . . YOU  
could eat this

You must eat, and there's no reason why every meal should not be a pleasure. But if you pay for it afterwards with flatulence, heartburn, pain or discomfort . . . if the food you like best hurts most, and if the things you do eat still make you suffer . . . no wonder you dread the very thought of eating!

When indigestion troubles you like that life is a burden. But you can get relief—not by starving yourself, but by taking De Witt's Antacid Powder. This wonderfully effective remedy neutralises excess stomach acidity so quickly that even the first dose gives relief. But De Witt's Antacid Powder does MORE. It soothes and protects the inflamed lining of your stomach, so that your next meal will not further distress an already over-burdened digestion. Your stomach—soothed, sweetened and protected by De Witt's Antacid Powder—will be far better able to cope with what you eat. You will have proof of it—the one kind of proof you want—relief from



the pain and discomfort of indigestion.

So if the food you fancy is the food you are afraid of . . . if from time to time, you are troubled by temporary digestive upsets, try De Witt's Antacid Powder. It has relieved others. It will surely relieve you. Get the large canister from your chemist to-day!

Neutralises acid  
Soothes the stomach  
Relieves pain

**DeWitt's**  
ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in large sky-blue canister, prices 2/6 and 4/6.



LEAVES NO LIP-PRINTS





# Brighten up your Kitchen

with

## DYNAMEL



Three quick and easy ways to make your home sparkle.



Your dealer is anxious to supply you with Taubmans Paint. He may not always have exactly what you want — but keep trying.



**Anyone can do a good job with Dynamel!**

Transform your old kitchen with gleaming brilliant gloss Dynamel. Dynamel goes on so evenly . . . dries so mirror smooth and hard . . . You can't help getting good results the very first time.

Just to prove how easy it is—start off by Dynamelling one piece of furniture first. You won't want to stop till you've Dynamelled the whole kitchen!

# TAUBMANS' PAINTS

**Best for every purpose**

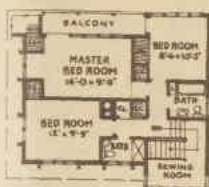




# Prize Homes from America

● In a recent nation-wide contest sponsored by a leading American newspaper, 24 architects won \$5000 for house designs. Nineteen of these have already been published by The Australian Women's Weekly, and here is the final group of prizewinners.

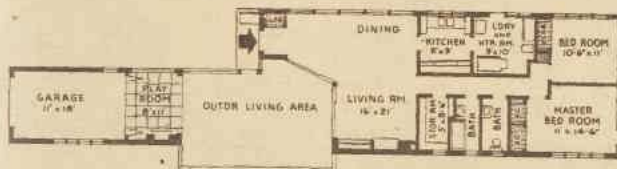
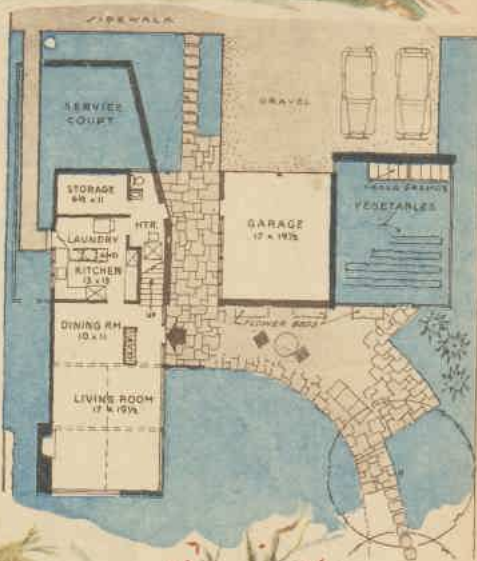
All plans drawn 1-16in. equals 1ft.



No. 1.—(Above) A striking design with many features that make for comfort and convenience. The owner's bedroom, for example, is a full 20 feet long. Note plan at right. More details given on page 44.



No. 2.—(Left) An attractive home of the suburban type which can be effectively executed in horizontal timber and common brick or field stone. Ground and first-floor plans are shown above sketch.

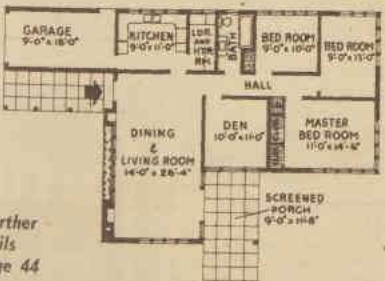
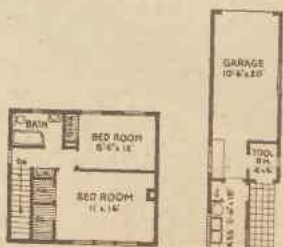


No. 3.—(Right) An unusual one-story house whose floor plan (above) allows for a pleasant little semi-private garden at the right front. The garage, which faces the street, cuts off the view into the garden.

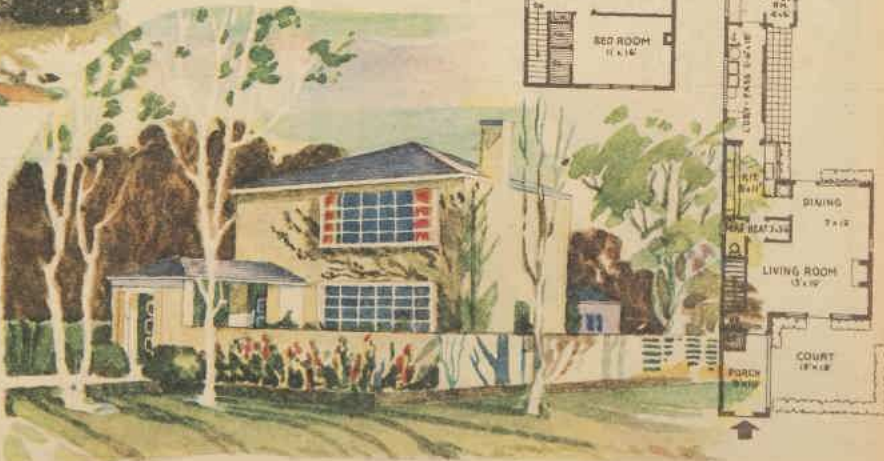


No. 4.—(Lower Right) An interesting two-story solution to the problem of placing a conveniently arranged and reasonably spacious house on a thirty-foot frontage.

No. 5.—(Lower Left) A simple three-bedroom house. Room marked "den" could be used as child's bedroom or dining-room, or could be made part of living-room.



For further details see page 44







ME1WW—Ensemble of fine All Wool worsted frocking—a charming frock with tucked bodice, long sleeves, tie belt and gored skirt; perfectly cut, matching coat. In Sage, Black, or Navy. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. Price 15 coupons and

65'.

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD.,  
P.O. BOX 42, Broadway.



## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

### "SHIRLEY"

Pretty Feminine Housegown

The lovely housegown illustrated at left is made in a light rayon weave. It buttons comfortably to the knees, and has a wide flared skirt with seam at centre-back. Smart pockets are attached to the inset belt. You may choose your housegown in any of the following color combinations: Yellow background, with green, red, and white floral; green background, with cyclamen, blue, darker green, and white; pink background, with yellow, red, and white; blue background, with red, white, and black.

**Ready to Wear:** Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 48/11 (15 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 51/6 (15 coupons). Postage 1/94 extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 33/6 (15 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 38/11 (15 coupons). Postage 1/64 extra.

*N.B.: When ordering "Shirley" please make a second choice in color to avoid disappointment.*



### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

#### No. 824.—THREE DAINTY D'OYLEYS

These delightful little d'oyleys are traced ready to embroider on a good-wearing cotton material in shades of blue, green, lemon, and pink. Sizes 8in. x 8in., 9d each, plus 11d postage; 9in. x 4in., 9d each, plus 11d postage.

#### No. 825.—PRETTY LAYETTE FOR INFANTS

This lovely layette is traced ready to make in either white rayon crepe-de-chine or 29in. cream woollen twill mixture. The set consists of frock, carrying-coat, petticoat, pilchers, bonnet, and bib.

**The Set in Rayon Crepe-de-chine:** Carrying-coat 15/11 (4 coupons), Frock 12/11 (4 coupons), Petticoat 7/11 (3 coupons), Pilchers 4/3 (2 coupons), Bonnet 2/11 (1 coupon), Bib 1/11 (no coupons). Postage 1/94 extra.

**The Set in Woollen Twill Mixture:** Carrying-coat 12/11 (4 coupons), Frock 10/11 (4 coupons), Petticoat 6/3 (2 coupons), Pilchers 3/11 (2 coupons), Bonnet 2/6 (1 coupon), Bib 1/9 (no coupons). Postage 1/94 extra.

*N.B.: When ordering Needlework Notions 824 and 825, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.*



#### SEND TO THESE ADDRESSES:

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under. Patterns may be obtained from our offices or by post.

Box 385A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 4810, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 4697, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)  
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

*Go out  
with him?  
NOT ME!*

No girl would go out with him a second time, for his was the unforgivable social error, Halitosis. Yet he, like most people, was quite unaware of this offence. Why risk this humiliation when you can make your breath sweet, fragrant and wholesome simply by rinsing the mouth with LISTERINE Antiseptic night and morning . . . and before social engagements.

**LISTERINE**  
—the Safe Antiseptic  
Prices: 1/6, 3/-, 5/9  
BUY THE LARGE SIZE  
FOR ECONOMY

**LEARN  
AT HOME**  
from  
**2/6  
WEEKLY**

It's "Quicker"—easier under **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE** with Sampson Home-Busy course for:

- \* STEEL GUITAR
- \* Hill-billy Guitars
- \* Banjo Mandolin
- \* Piano Accordion
- \* Saxophone
- \* Clarinet
- \* Mouth Organ
- \* Button Accordion
- \* Violin
- \* Piano

**5000** have succeeded—why not YOU?  
It takes 3 Lessons to play first piece—35 Lessons a variety, and 20 Lessons any piece. It doesn't matter where you live.

**Instruments.** Exclusive models available on small payments to any part of Australia—Freight paid.

**Free.** Illustrated catalogue and descriptive booklet **FREE**. Write for yours. (MENTION INSTRUMENT FAVORED).

**SAMPSONS, Dept. B, 481 Kent St., Box 4184X, G.P.O., Sydney.**

### Drink Craving Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrazy has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 50 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Posted in plain wrapper.

Price 20/- Full Course  
Dept. W, EUCRAZY CO.  
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

### SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice an ALL SKIN DISEASES send 25d stamp to EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE 271-9 Collins St., Melb., CL. F3022

**fortuna  
cloth**



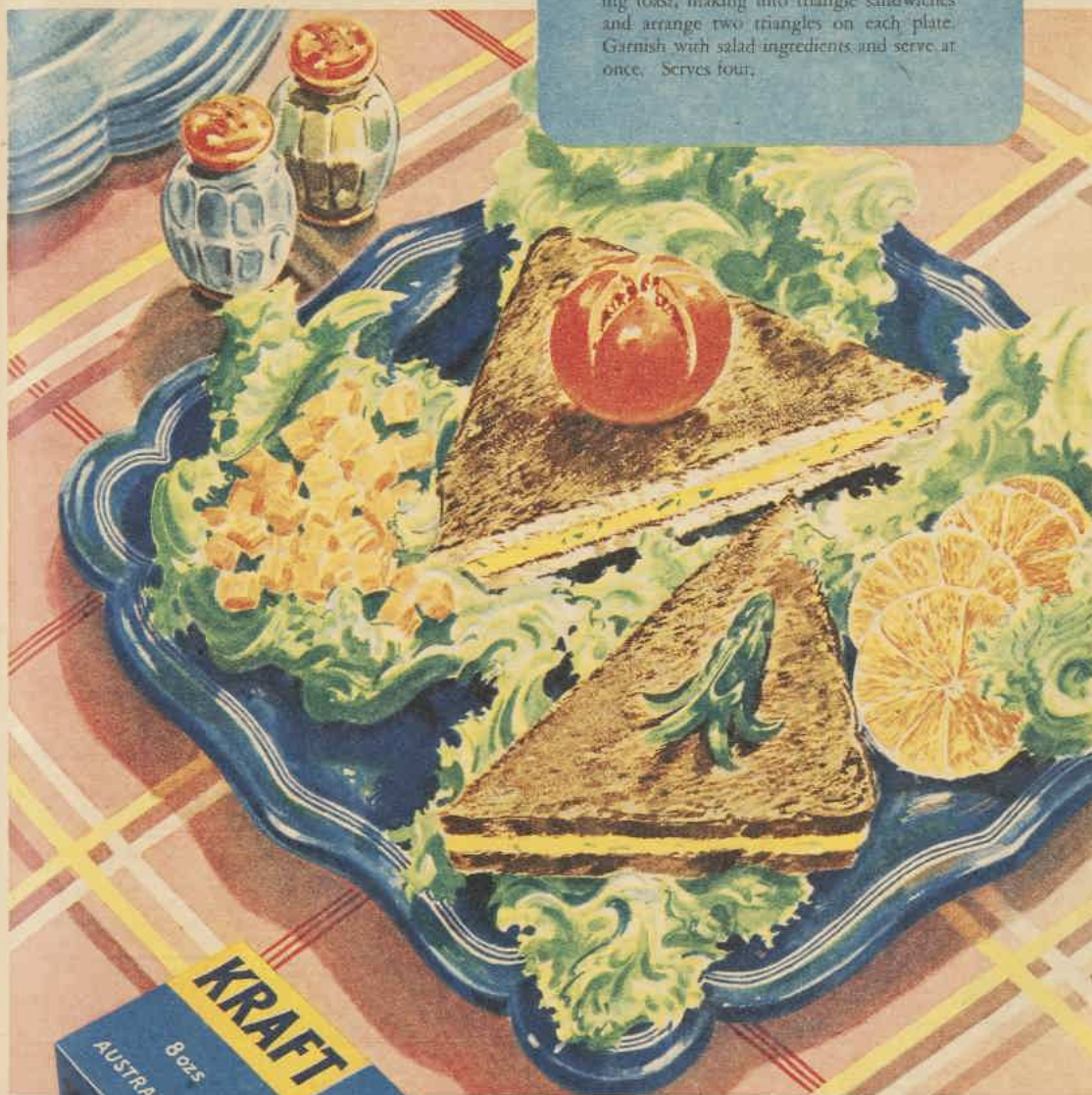
# New Sandwich Sensation

presented by  
**KRAFT**

## THE KRAFT SALAD SANDWICH

8 slices toast; 5 tablespoon Kraft Cheese, shredded and mixed to paste with a little milk; 2 tablespoons finely chopped gherkin or onion; a little butter; salt, pepper; 4 small tomatoes cut into petals; 1 cup finely diced celery or pineapple; 2 oranges cut into slices; small lettuce leaves; Kraft Mayonnaise or Kraft Salad Dressing.

Spread cheese mixture generously on four slices of hot toast, add chopped gherkin or onions and season to taste. Butter remaining toast, making into triangle sandwiches and arrange two triangles on each plate. Garnish with salad ingredients and serve at once. Serves four.



Stays fresh  
in its Hygienic  
Foil Wrapping

Ask for Kraft Cheddar Cheese in the 8-oz. packet—or have the exact quantity you require cut from the 5-lb. loaf at your grocer's.

**Q.** Why does Kraft Cheese  
TASTE better?

**A.** Because it's **BLENDED** better!

When you have Kraft Cheddar Cheese handy in your kitchen, it's only a matter of minutes to prepare this appetising new Kraft Salad Sandwich—or any of the other good things which are so easy to make with Kraft Cheese.

That mellow, blended cheese flavour is the same in every packet. And Kraft Cheese adds valuable nourishment to the quickest lunch or supper snacks.

Ounce for ounce, there's no basic food to equal cheese for complete, high-quality proteins . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

## Three Bonny Youngsters

. . . born  
under the Sign of



## PISCES

From February 19th to March 21st, the Zodiacal influences of Pisces prevail and children who are born under this Sign are most likely to be warm-hearted, generous and able to absorb knowledge easily. They will probably have a lot of mental ambition and be able to succeed in positions of responsibility. So there are interesting possibilities for these bonny youngsters and they are starting right with Vegemite in their diet every day.



ROBERT CURRY

Robert is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Curry of Meryla Street, Burwood, N.S.W. and he is four years old on March 14th. Mrs. Curry says: "The Infant Welfare Centre said to give Robert plenty of Vegemite. I took their advice and find Vegemite a great help in keeping him in good health."



GARNET PARKINSON

Two years old on February 22nd, Garnet is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Parkinson, Drummond Place, Carlton, Victoria. Mrs. Parkinson says: "I'm glad Garnet likes Vegemite so much, because I know it does him so much good."



DAWN KREUTZER

"I wouldn't do without Vegemite," says Mrs. Kreutzer. "Dawn likes it so much and it is such a great help in keeping her fit and well." Dawn's third birthday is on March 9th and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kreutzer of Haven Road, Upper Brookfield, Queensland.

Vegemite — a little does a power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin)
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin)
- ★ Richer in the anti-peptic factor (Niacin)
- ★ Tastier and costs less.



Listen to "MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D." every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning in all States.





"I never miss a shot—  
'neath a PHILIPS 100 watt".

Every "seeing" task, from drilling holes in burglars to darning holes in socks, needs not only the right light but enough light. You can be sure of the right light if you insist on a PHILIPS

Lamp... and you will minimise the chances of eyestrain and headaches if you make a Philips 100-watt the minimum for most rooms in your house. Fit Philips lamps and see!

PHILIPS FILAMENT &



FLUORESCENT LAMPS

## Western Electric Announce the Dual Purpose Model 64 HEARING AID

Wear as  
**ONE UNIT**  
or  
with a  
**SEPARATE BATTERY**



Model 64—the new Western Electric Hearing Aid that combines all the features of a compact, ONE UNIT model with the convenience and economy of separate batteries. Thanks to new midjet batteries, both amplifier and battery pack of Model 64 fit into a lightweight fabric case no bigger than a pack of cards. Should you prefer separate batteries for increased economy—approx. 1d. an hour—and convenience, then wear one of the various fabric carriers designed specially for women. You'll hear better with Model 64, too—the completely new circuit gives FULL COLOUR hearing over an even wider range of sound with a clarity never believed possible in a hearing aid.



**MIDGET BATTERY CASE**  
Smaller Than Cigarette Pack.  
Midjet "A" and "B" batteries fit into a tiny feather-light battery case of anodised aluminium.



**CONVENIENT — WEAR ANYWAY YOU LIKE.**  
Model 64 is versatile—wear as One Unit for everyday wear, or with separate batteries in flat, lightweight carrier for evening wear.

\*Phone or write to any of the addresses listed below for an appointment for a FREE demonstration of Model 64. Cords and Receivers available in flesh colours.

### THE AUDIPHONE CO. (N.S.W.) Pty. Ltd.

SYDNEY—M.L.C. Building, 41 Martin Place Phone RW 7387  
(Cor. Martin Place and Castlereagh Street)  
NEWCASTLE—Suite 11, "Sun" Building, Hunter Street Phone R 1980  
MELBOURNE—116 Collins Street Phone Central 4195  
BRISBANE—Commercial Bank Chambers, 239-243 Queen Street B 2363  
ADELAIDE—Chamber of Manufactures Building, 13-14 Pirie St. Cent. 6619  
PERTH—Messrs. Sainken and Sainken, 633 Hay Street Phone B 7326  
HOBART—Finslay's, Elizabeth Street Phone 3718  
LAUNCESTON—Finslay's, George Street Phone 482



### From America . . . Prize Home Designs

HERE are the details of the new house designs illustrated in color on page 41.

No. 1.—This odd and original but not freakish dwelling offers a family of five a comfortable, well-arranged home. A 75ft. lot is required.

The spacious living and dining rooms are in a wing by themselves, with big windows looking on to a secluded garden. Adjacent to the dining-room is a compact service area: kitchen, laundry.

The garage is integrated with the house by the device of placing the bedroom floor over both service group and garage.

The master bedroom, 11ft. x 20ft., is large enough to provide upstairs sitting space at one end. The other three bedrooms, all of adequate size, are conveniently grouped round the two baths and lavatory.

No. 2.—Compact plan with ease of circulation from room to room. Another desirable feature is the study off the stair, which provides a pleasant hideaway for members of the family.

Comfort and convenience are stressed throughout. All bedrooms have cross ventilation, there are two baths upstairs and a lavatory down, kitchen has ample storage cupboards, and the coat closet in the entrance hall is of good size. Requires a 50ft. lot, and is intended for a family of four or five.

No. 3.—This home, adequate for a family of three, is designed for an inside 30ft. lot on the south side of the street. Among its unusual features is the pleasant semi-private garden formed by the living-room wall and the porch at rear of garage (garage faces street).

Living and dining room is an irregularly shaped area whose longest dimension is 21ft.

No. 4.—This unpretentiously attractive home for a family of three is an example of the long, narrow design practical for a 35ft. x 150ft. lot. It places the garage at the rear, and therefore requires a lot with an alley in back. The laundry forms a passage from kitchen to garage. Front section, which protrudes from the main body of the dwelling, contains an entrance hall, coat closet, and the approach to stairway.

The dining and living rooms open up into one big room with windows both to the street and to the rear. The downstairs lavatory is conveniently located near both the living and the service areas. Upstairs are two bedrooms and a bath as well as a generous amount of wardrobe and storage space.

No. 5.—Prospective home builders who want one-

### MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often  
Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people eliminate about 3 pints a day. When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't delay. Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-discrete, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from your blood.

Ask your Chemist or Store for

**DOAN'S**  
Backache Kidney Pills  
DP11

### Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note:  
"Nocturne" in "Smith's" recently brought me between £5 and £6.  
"Three serials" returned me £155.  
"For my last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' I received £8/19/6."  
"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."  
"I have had three articles accepted by H.O. and broadcast by the A.B.C."  
"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justice." I received £4/18/6 for it.  
"I have just received a cheque for £8/15/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"  
"I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships,' and for 'Tilly Pulls Through,' £4/6/-."

### Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne; 140 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 220 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 50 Grenfell Street, Adelaide; 254 Murray Street, Perth.

You, too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal Course.

MAIL THIS COUPON — CUT HERE

To Stott's Please send me Literary Prospectus Free, and without obligation.

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A.W.W.247 Age .....

### BABY CRAFT WELCOME ADVICE TO BUSY MOTHERS

No one in the world is more busy than the mother of a tiny baby, but she doesn't mind so long as her little one is healthy and happy.

Health and happiness are the natural outcome of regularity. If the little system is kept functioning correctly from the beginning, so much anxiety can be avoided. So why not get Steedman's Powders right away?

Known to three generations, Steedman's are universally recognised as the safest and gentlest aperient from teething time to fourteen years. Promoting healthy regularity without harmful purging, they are obtainable everywhere. Look for the double ER on the wrapper to be sure you get the genuine Steedman's.

They are made solely by JOHN STEEDMAN & CO. DEPT. J., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.



## Pretty Permanents

If it is possible, have your hair shampooed and waved a week before the permanent by the operator who is to give the wave. Let her get some first-hand information about your texture and type of hair. When it is combed out, and there are changes to be made, much better make them then than to try after the permanent.

If your hair has been given tints, rinses, or special shampoos or other treatment of which the operator is unaware, tell her about it. It often means a change in waving technique and is essential information when planning the wave.

There is certainly nothing to be gained by neglecting to make this clear—and much may be lost in the ultimate beauty of your hair.

And be sure to have your hair pre-trimmed and shaped; don't be afraid to have a thoroughgoing shaping. It is true that some barbers want to cut too much, but know what you want and get it!

It need not mean shortening the hair if you don't want it lopped off. Just the essential weeding out of unnecessary bulk and weight. Any traces of an old permanent should be snipped off, but it will not noticeably affect the length, and it will mean oh-so-much to the softness and naturalness of the new hair-fix.

And if your new wave is part of a special-occasion plan, arrange to have it a week or two beforehand and reset at least a day before, or you will finish up looking like an old-fashioned hairdresser's dream-girl.

Let your operator be the judge of the type of permanent best for your hair. Don't insist on having the same kind of wave as somebody you know, which may be lovely for her but the opposite for you.

The amount of heat and baking time are also decisions that hinge on the apparatus and the operator's skill and good judgment. So be advised. And try to avoid excessive heat just to have the wave last longer. Baking the hair to a frazzle in the belief that fewer permanents will be necessary is a ruinous procedure because you will probably never be satisfied with it at any time.

About short hairs on the neck—the ones too short to wind for perming—remember . . . "Beware the nape that's clipped and sheared, and so evade a neckline beard" . . . These need not necessarily be cut off because they will surely become bristly and unattractive. Best let them be for the time being, and go back for some additional curls when the hair has grown long enough to handle satisfactorily.

It is particularly important to have a test curl before a first perm or a different type from your usual.

P.S.—Jean Cleland, beauty writer and journalist, deals thoroughly with hair problems in her book, "Be Beautiful," published by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Price 6/6, post free. May I send you a copy? She says . . . "Time was when women were obliged to accept whatever kind of hair the gods thought fit to bestow on them. But . . . lovely hair in this enlightened age is not as much born as made. I'll tell you how!"

COMMON denominator of attractive styling is a good permanent wave—whether the hair is worn casually charming, as pictured, or high fashion. The curl gives bulk and flexibility.

HOW often one hears this sort of remark: "I wish I could do something different with my hair—think I'll have it permed again this week."

Now, modern permanent waves are truly wonderful things, both run-of-the-mill heat type and the more modern cold wave which everyone seems to be talking about these days, and which is probably the most outstanding advance made in this field in ten years.

Some like the new process—some loathe it. What is perfect for one is quite possibly poison for the next. I think far too many of us are apt to look to a new permanent wave as a kind of magic cure-all—and it simply can't banish all the ills from which locks may suffer, including style boredom.

Certain things it will definitely do—make a soft, natural framework for your features, leave the hair fine-textured, healthy, and shining, and give it sufficient body to simplify handling. After that your own skill and style-sense take over.

Here are some points to help assure the success and lasting attractiveness of your wave:

No matter how skilled your hairdresser, or how recently perfected the method, the success of your wave depends upon the condition of your hair and its receptivity to the process.

For instance, hair that is dry and brittle—from over-sunbathing, neglect, or whatever—often makes for waving problems and dissatisfaction with the finished job.

Don't, either, overlook this: The bad effects of faulty diet are more often shown in lowered vitality, poor skin, and tired-looking hair, and external treatments aid in beautifying the hair only when the essential diet elements supply internal nourishment.

So delay that appointment in this event long enough to have a few oil treatments, helped along by vigorous brushing and energetic scalp massage to whip up circulation and stimulate oil flow, meanwhile building up the inner woman.

By CAROLYN EARLE  
Our Beauty Expert

## Pimples and Bad Skin Attacked In 24 Hours

Since the discovery of Nixoderm by an American physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from ugly, disgusting and disfiguring skin blemishes such as Pimples, Rash, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Acne, Blackheads, Scabies and Red Itches. Don't let a bad skin make you feel inferior and cause you to lose your friends. Clear your skin this new scientific way.

### A New Discovery

Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any ointment you have ever seen or felt. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the cause of surface skin blemishes. Nixoderm contains 9 ingredients which fight skin troubles in three ways: 1. It fights and kills the microbes or parasites often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It stops itching, burning and smarting in 5 to 10 minutes, and cools and soothes the skin. 3. It helps nature heal the skin clear, soft, and velvety smooth.

### Works Fast

Because Nixoderm is scientifically compounded to fight skin troubles, it works fast. It stops the itching, burning, and smarting in a few minutes, then starts to work immediately, clearing and healing your skin, making it softer, whiter and velvety smooth. In just a day or two your

mirror will tell you that here at last is the scientific treatment you have been needing to clear your skin—the treatment to make you look more attractive, to help you win friends. Nixoderm has brought clearer, healthier skins to thousands, such as Mr. Bob Weiden, Edmund Street, Pyrmont, who writes: "I was troubled with pimples ever since I was 13, and have spent pounds and pounds on so-called cures without result. I then tried Nixoderm with astounding effect. The pimples seemed to fade away, and after a week there was not the slightest trace of them."

### Satisfaction Guaranteed

Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. Look in the mirror in the morning and you will be amazed at the improvement. Then just keep on using Nixoderm for one week and at the end of that time it must have made your skin soft, clear, smooth and magnetically attractive—must give you the kind of skin that will make you admired wherever you go. If you simply return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you.

**Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-**

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

blonde  
loveliness

IN HALF  
AN HOUR



Life begins anew when you transform

dark, dull or mousy tresses into living gold. It's so safe, so easy, so effective, with NAPRO BLONDING EMULSION, and quick, too! Within half-an-hour you can attain the exact shade of fairness you desire. And NAPRO

BLONDING EMULSION benefits while it beautifies

leaves hair silken, supple, full of vitality.



**NAPRO** BLONDING EMULSION

FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

## NERVY, RUNDOWN

MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN



Extra minerals in BIDOMAK will build you up. Make this 14 day, no-risk test, and see how quickly you regain health, good spirits and feel on top of the world again.

A husband who is irritable and edgy can't concentrate on his work and has no energy for enjoyment. A wife worries, has sleepless nights, and finds the housework getting her down. . . . a youngster who is nervous, lacks vigour, and just picks at his food—these people are really half-sick, but they don't realize it. They need the rich, red blood cells and extra minerals that BIDOMAK will give them. BIDOMAK is guaranteed to do this in 14 days, or costs nothing . . . and here's the reason:

### BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS

Such disorders are often caused by the impoverished blood stream, starved for minerals. Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, and contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone, and tissue in your body.

### MINERAL STARVATION MAY CAUSE MANY DISORDERS

A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nervous troubles": Weakness, lassitude, jumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling," brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache, and stomach troubles.

### NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH

When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral de-

ciency disappear, and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium, and potassium. Then he added Catalytic Copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

### QUICK IMPROVEMENT

If you are suffering from mineral deficiency, BIDOMAK thus makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you. Work is no longer a burden—play is fun. You lose that "light" feeling at the back of the neck. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally, and you wake refreshed. Instead of "screwed-up" mentality and tired physically. The whole system is braced up—as a natural result of revitalized nerves and arteries recharged with new, rich, red blood cells.

### NO RISK TEST

Try pleasant-to-taste BIDOMAK for 14 days—if you do not feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle within 14 days of purchase to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn, Street, Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK to-day.



THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY.

**Bidomak**

FOR NERVES, BRAIN, AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING.

If I'm not always top of the class, I'm always on top of my form. You see, I make this a rule—




—every morning take

**ENO'S**  
"FRUIT SALT"



# PURE SILK HOSIERY.



*It's been a long, long time...*

But memories of things of lasting loveliness never die. Prestige Pure Silk Sheers as glamorous as moonlight, which vanished for six sad years, will be available in all leading stores in the month of March . . . note it in your diary, on your desk pad, or your shopping reminder. Once again you may sense the caress and close-clinging shapeliness of pure silk stockings by Prestige, the quality and beauty of which have become traditional.

*by* **Prestige**





**Le Charme**  
**EYELASH GROWER**  
MARVELLOUS new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow! Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows. No matter how short your eyelashes and brows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will increase their length and thickness in 30 days.

Thousands of Women Prove It!

—pure beyond doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—makes eyebrows long, silken lines.

### RESULTS EVIDENT IN ONE WEEK

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silk fringe! Remember—this guarantees no satisfactory results in 30 days or your money refunded in full.

Make up your eyes correctly, and you will be surprised with the added beauty you gain. If undeliverable from your Consul or Store, 2/6, 4/6, and 5/6 Post Free from Box 2236, G.P.O., Sydney.



PRICED FOR EVERY PURSE



### Pain, Swelling, Soreness Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

**SPRAIN**  
**BRUISE**  
**SORE MUSCLES**  
**BOILS**  
**CHEST COLD**  
**SORE THROAT**  
**BRONCHIAL**  
**IRRITATION**

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves pain, reduces swelling, limbers up stiff, aching muscles due to simple sprain, bruise or similar condition. Apply that ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on those sore, aching parts. Does good, feels good.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves pain, soreness, and helps soften boils. It also relieves cough, tightness at chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation, simple sore throat. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE at any chemist or store now.



# Fashion PATTERNS

**PLEASE NOTE!** To ensure the prompt dispatch of orders by post you should: \* Write your NAME, ADDRESS and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on page 42. \* C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

**F4563.**—Here is a bright, breeze-catching, button-up frock for you to wear throughout the still warm days ahead. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

**F4564.**—Start right now to prepare your winter and autumn clothes. This lovely frock of promised warmth is just for you. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

**F4565.**—Here is a nightgown of beauty. So soft-looking and so feminine. You'll love the wide waistband and tiny, well-fitting bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide, and 1½yds., 36in. wide lace. Pattern 1/10.

**F4566.**—For you to feel gay and cool on or off the court, make and wear this sporting tennis frock. It's right for either summer or winter. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

F4565

F4564

F4567

F4568

**F4567.**—A slip which is designed to give that really smooth, tailored line. Note the front paneling and the dear little well-fitting bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide, and 1yd. 36in. wide lace. Pattern 1/8.

**F4568.**—Here is a right frock to wear when you wish to pay morning or mid-afternoon calls. The knife-pleating is all in the front, leaving the back with two gores. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

**TO ORDER:** Fashion Patterns can be had from our Pattern Dept. If ordering by mail write to address given on Page 42.



SMART WOMEN  
RELY ON

**Kirby  
Beard**  
Specialties



Obtainable from all good stores, made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd., Birmingham 12, England.



**BUTTON COVERING  
AND  
BUCKLE EQUIPMENT**  
Dies and Machines now available for Dressmakers—Clothing Manufacturers. We teach you to make Half Ball, Flat Acorn, Full Acorn and Ring Edge Buttons.  
Call or write to

**Pankys**

209a Castlereagh Street,  
SYDNEY. PHONE M 3449

Are YOU the  
**I.C.S.**  
type of man

Are you in a rut? Do you want a better job... security... money? Are you willing to help yourself by home study? Then you are the I.C.S. type of man, and the I.C.S. can help you. Fill in the coupon and mail NOW. An enquiry costs nothing. Over 400 courses.



INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

140 Elizabeth Street, Sydney  
Dear Sirs—Please send me free prospectus showing how I can succeed in the occupation I have marked.

If your subject is not shown, write it here.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

I.C.S. · I.C.S. · I.C.S. · I.C.S.





# A Pledge to the Nation

For years you have had to put up with "war quality." Now things are slowly changing and reliable standards are coming back, but for some time to come, until materials are plentiful again, it may be hard to know what quality you are buying.

You are entitled to a guarantee of quality.

No matter whether it be shirts, sheetings, socks, knitwear, men's or boys' clothing, piece goods, or anything you or your family wear—you can buy with confidence wherever you find the P.L.B. Shield.

The Shield is attached only to trustworthy merchandise. It is your guarantee of quality.

This is a pledge to the Nation by Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.

**GIVING  
A NEW GUARANTEE OF QUALITY  
FOR CLOTHING & MATERIALS**

*On Clothing & Materials*



*This Shield is your  
Protection*

**Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.**  
Sydney Melbourne